THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 1739

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAY 20, 1933

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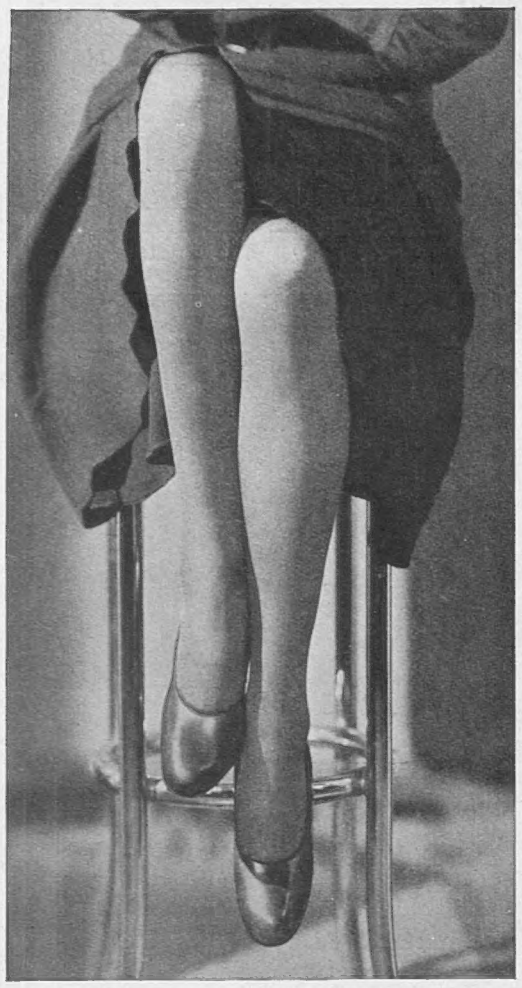

Gloves and Hosiery

H 11. "Essanee" No. 2. 9-strand Pure Silk Hose, as illustrated. Fully fashioned, with lisle feet and tops and new square heel. Extra toe splicing. Thoroughly recommended for hard wear, and suitable for town or country wear. In granada, sandal, romany, oak, etc. Sizes 8½ to 10½ 4/11

Postage 2d. extra.

3 pairs 14/6 post free.

H.12. 51-gauge Pure Silk Hose, silk throughout with hems and feet reinforced. Fully fashioned. Dainty lace clox or plain. For day or evening wear. In sandtone, eggshell, grey rose, grain or mist. Sizes 8½ to 10 ... 8/11

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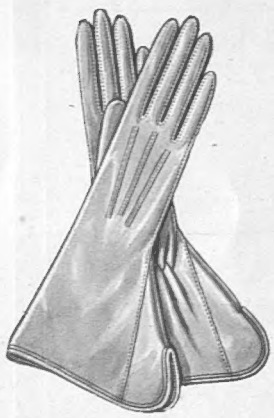
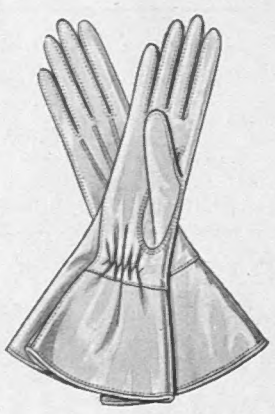
H.13. Fine gauge Pure Silk Hose. Silk throughout, inside hems and feet reinforced with fine lisle. Fully fashioned. Will give every satisfaction in wear. Suitable for day or evening. Plain or with dainty lace clox. In sandee, sablon, eggshell, omar, stone beige, etc. Sizes 8½ to 10½ ... 6/11

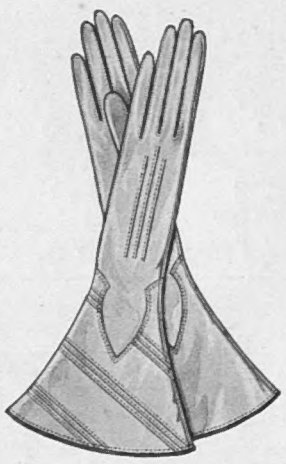
Postage 2d. extra. 3 pairs £1 post free.



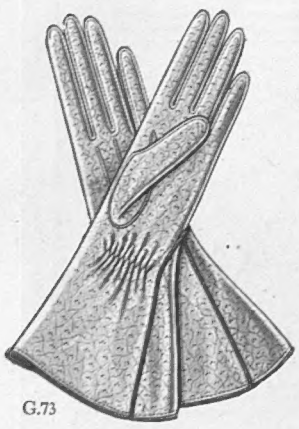
G.70. Practical Gloves, in English Washable Cape. In beaver, beige, nigger or grey. 12/11



G.71. Useful hard-wearing Gloves, made from reliable English Cape skins, with smart stiff cuff. In white, beaver, grey, beige or navy. 12/11



G.72. French Kid Gloves, with contrasting coloured stitching. In champagne/nigger, black/white or grey/black. 18/11

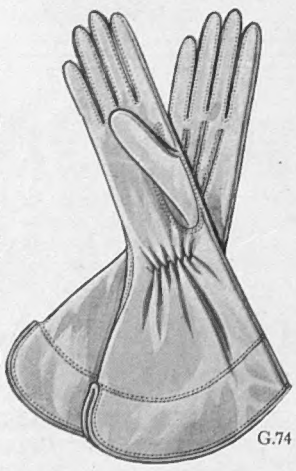


G.73

G.73. Hogskin Gauntlet Gloves, in white or natural colour. 27/6

G.74. Attractive new style Gauntlet Gloves, made from fine English Cape skins. In white only ... 18/11

Also in white or natural Doeskin, 15/11



G.74

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Swan & Edgar, Ltd., London, W.1. *'Phone: Regent 1616*

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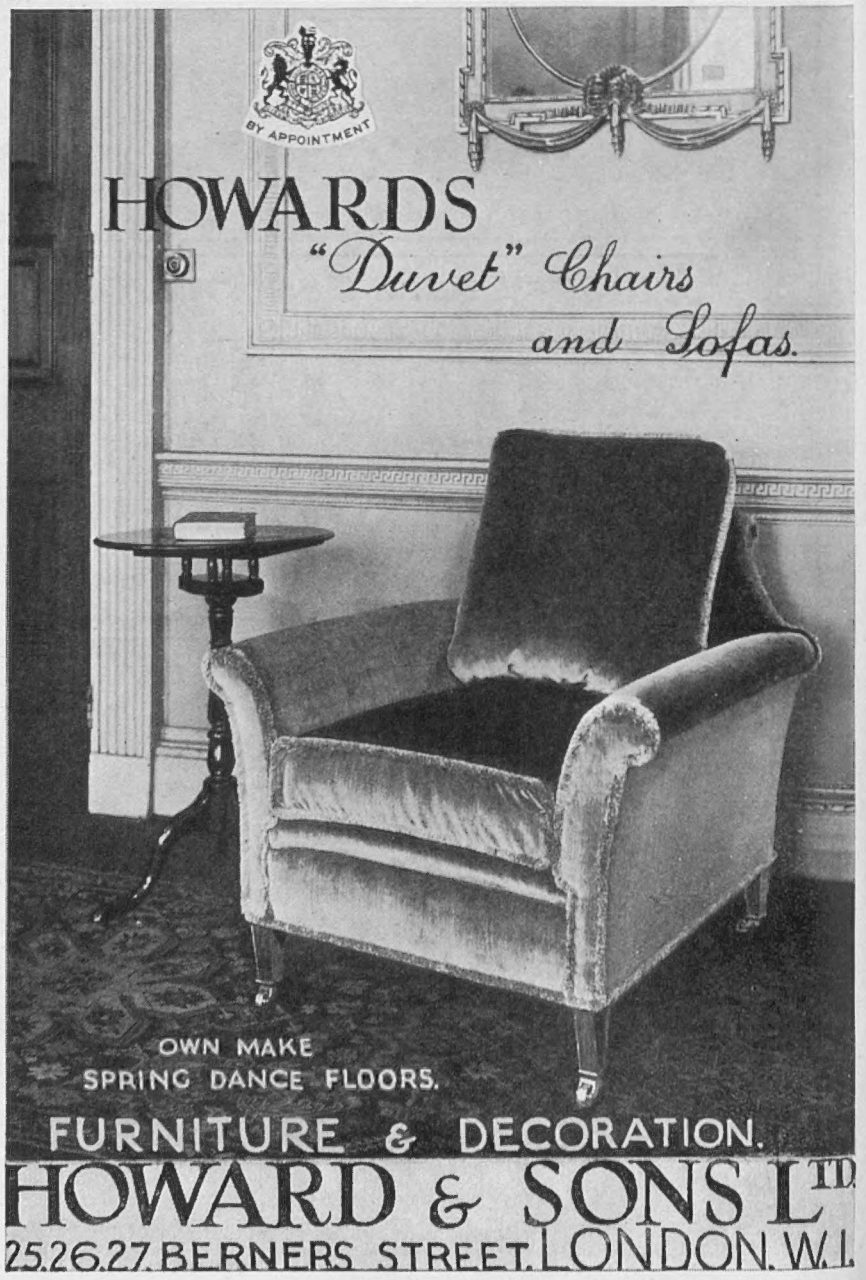
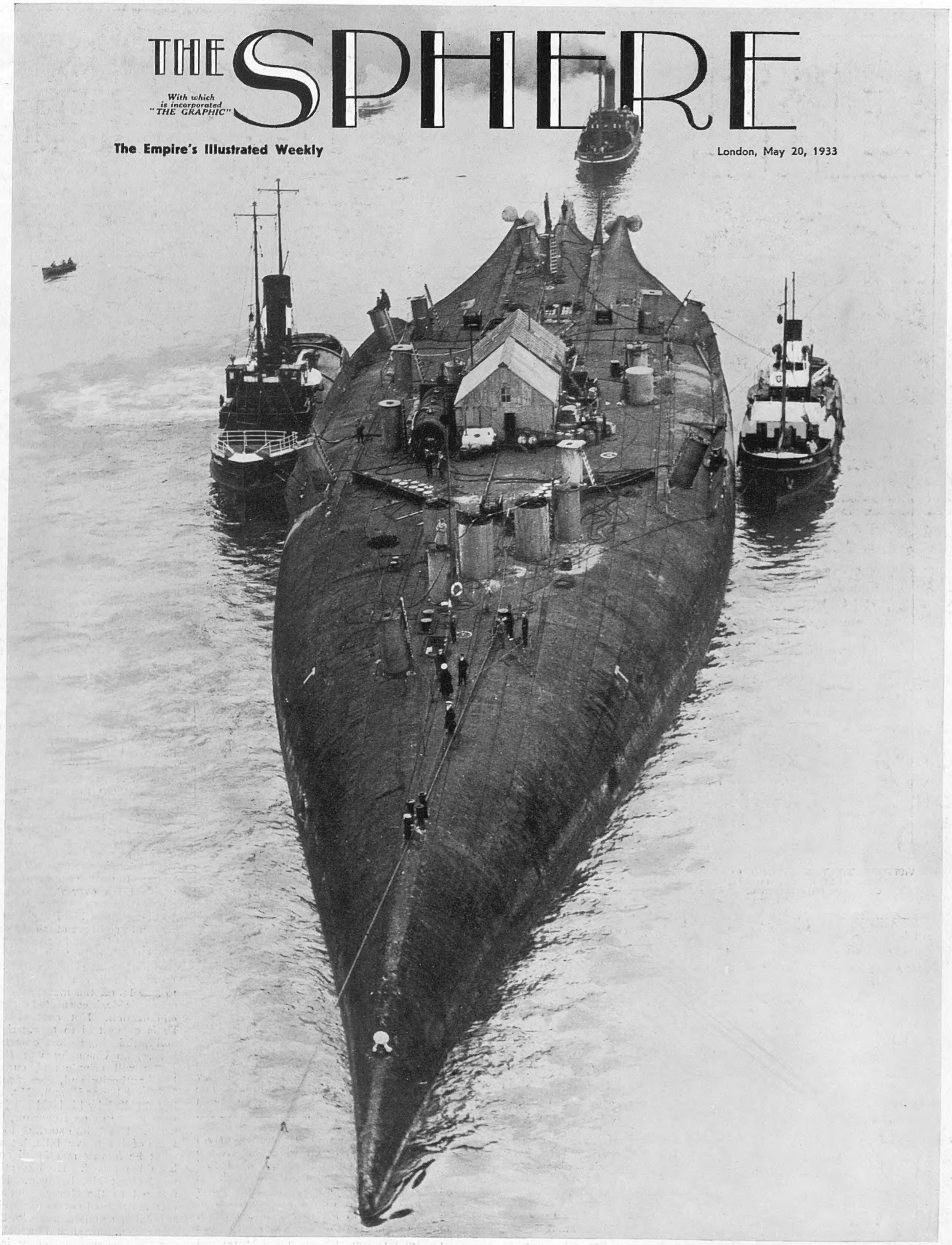


THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 20, 1933



FROM SCAPA TO THE FORTH

The Salvaged Cruiser, "Prinz Regent Luitpold," Scuttled in 1919 at Scapa Flow, being Towed Upside Down on Her Last Journey to be Broken up

When some fifty of the seventy-four interned vessels of the German High Seas Fleet were scuttled at the order of Admiral Von Reuter in the deep waters of Scapa Flow on Saturday, June 21, 1919, it seemed that they were irretrievably lost. Now fourteen years later, Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., can claim to have salvaged over thirty of these vessels and last week sent yet another cruiser to be broken up at Rosyth, thus completing a further triumph in their strenuous and complicated task of salvaging. The cruiser seen in this picture is the *Prinz Regent Luitpold*. She is seen as she concluded her last voyage of all from the Orkney Islands to the shipbreaking yards of Rosyth in the Firth of Forth, where she has been delivered safely into the hands of Messrs. Metal Industries Ltd. Strangely enough three German tugs had the task of towing her, in an upside down position, along the two hundred miles of open sea to the Firth. Fog and stormy weather made the journey a difficult one, and it was not until the estuary was reached that comparatively rapid headway could be made. Altogether Messrs. Cox and Danks have salvaged from Scapa Flow some twenty-five destroyers, four battle cruisers, two battleships, and one light cruiser, comprising in all a total tonnage of 150,000

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

THE FIRST COURT OF THE SEASON: The crowd outside Buckingham Palace on May 1 indisposition of the King, held the first of the season's five Courts alone. Although there Mall, the same arrangement for arrival at the Palace being adopted as that for the las crowd of eager sightseers near the Palace gates. They obtained but a fleeting glanc

VISITORS TO THE SECOND COURT: The Rev. Pat McCormick, the popular vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, seen with his wife and daughter, Miss Margaret McCormick, leaving the vicarage to attend the second Court of the season held at Buckingham Palace on May 12

A DEBUTANTE OF 1933: Miss Kitty Fullerton, daughter of Vice-Admiral E. J. Fullerton, who was presented at the first Court by her mother. She is a grand-daughter of the late Lord Fisher

THE DEBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: Miss Phyllis Salt leaving her home for Buckingham Palace

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 17, 1933.

POOP OR POWER?—

The latest crisis that has burst over Europe has, by its very sharpness, convinced me that a European war into which the Great (allied) Powers could be drawn is as remote a possibility as ever it has been since the War. But neither my comfortable opinion nor indeed anything on earth can excuse those who have had a hand in raising the wind. What of Von Papen? We had grown to believe that this man was a mediocrity, a cavalry soldier, and man-about-town turned politician. After reading Rintelen's book, we revised our view and decided that once a poop, Papen would remain a poop to the end of his career, whatever changes and chances might affect it. In his latest sabre-rattling there is nothing to help us to revise our opinion again. It is strange, indeed, that Hitler, so sorely beset to snatch success for his stupendous effort, should handicap himself more heavily still by giving a free rein to a play-boy.

THREE IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS. — Mr. Cyril

Atkinson was chosen last week to fill Mr. Justice McCardie's place on the bench. He is in his sixtieth year, took silk twenty years ago, and has sat in the House for nine years. He had a big practice on the Northern Circuit, is very sound on commercial law, and is famous for strong common sense, clear reasoning, and restraint. There is no doubt in the minds of lawyers that the efficiency of the bench—so long a source of pride to the nation—is threatened by the sacrifice of income which barristers in large practice must make to-day if they accept a judgeship. The bench needed strengthening, and Mr. Atkinson is a welcome recruit. Lord Chelmsford was coming to be regarded as an ideal Warden of All Souls, a post of far wider importance than the headship of a "skeleton" college suggests to the uninformed. If Mr. Geoffrey Dawson could not fairly look forward to many more years of usefulness in Printing House Square, he would be a likely successor to Lord Chelmsford. At Eton, the Governing Body has been in conference. The letter M has found a majority of the candidates considered. Mr. Marten, sometime Lower Master and now Vice-Provost, was early considered for a period of marking-time preceding a perfectly inevitable régime of rationalization. Others who have been mentioned as successors to Dr. Alington are Mr. Masterman of Christ Church, Mr. Malim of Wellington, and Mr. Moberly of Manchester. Mr. A. L. Smith, Rector of Edinburgh Academy, whose name would appeal to Balliol governors, and Mr. Laffan of Queen's, Cambridge, have also been "rumoured." Within the present decade Eton must find a young, courageous, far-sighted Reformer.

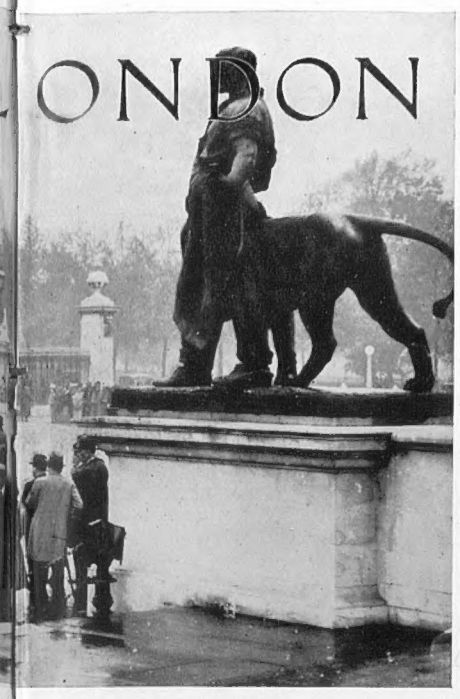
A POLITICAL CRISIS?—

To complete the chaplet of crises which encircles us, A. A. B. (Mr. Baumann) forecast last week a political crisis of the first magnitude, here in our midst, and before Christmas. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Runciman, in his view, are all riding for a fall, and one or all of them will be blown into the wilderness or the Lords by a gust of general laughter, the ridicule that falls on blind folly. One or all, the cards must then be reshuffled. Mr. MacDonald is to be blown into the House of Peers (as Lord Lossiemouth) by an explosion of exasperated laughter which is to follow the petering out of the Economic Conference, and he will thus be spared the responsibility for coping with a hostile invasion from Southern Ireland. Mr. Runciman is to be brought down by the ineptitude and unpopularity of his trade pacts. But when you come to consider Mr. Chamberlain's crimes, the other two sink into insignificance as criminals. The Premier, after all, has so long been nothing more than "a wandering voice" (which three or four times a year breathes o'er his native Eden over the ether) that his elimination or elevation would hardly be noticed, and Mr. Runciman is hardly known by sight even to the informed and sharp-eyed "man in the street." But Mr. Chamberlain, with his well-known beetling brows and his beastly Budget, has borrowed four times what it would cost to take 1s. off the income-tax for purely academic ideals connected with exchange equalization. Not content with that, he is committed to taxing the Co-ops, and introducing (before covert shooting begins) an Unemployment Relief Bill which will cripple and enrage every local authority and, *ipso facto*, every ratepayer big and small. Mr. Baumann is compelled by his label (all journalists wear labels) to be trenchant, bold, aad frank. But before starting to discount some of his heavy bills, let us reflect what he *hasn't* mentioned and might have mentioned. He has said not a word about Mr. Baldwin. He hasn't referred to the Government's chronic *non possumus* to every demand that the scandal of squandermania in Civil Service expenditure should be tackled, from the top downwards. There is no word of . . . but enough. There would be grounds and to spare for prophesying a political crisis, if Englishmen were indeed what Englishmen once were, or the party system what it once was. But who is there to raise the wind? We are clay in the hands of an all-powerful bureaucracy. In spite of Mr. Baumann's confidence I anticipate a very trivial, potty little political crisis before Christmas.

MR. NICOLSON ON AMERICA.—

In Mr. Harold Nicolson's view no nation is less greedy, less

LONDON NEWSLETTER



when the Queen, through the temporary was no queue of débutantes' cars in the two Courts of 1932, there was the usual of the lovely dresses of the visitors

materialistic, or more open-handed than America. Mr. Nicolson has recently returned from a lecture tour and has been giving us his views on that great country in relation to the world's economic problems, and the above quoted dewdrop fell on the subject of War debts. Mr. and Mrs. Nicolson worked immensely long hours during their lecture tour. They played many parts. None was more rapturously received than their famous informal discussion on married life. In a score of high-brow lecture halls they sat side by side on the platform and argued (as though by the fireside) about their own domestic problems, and the American men and women who crowded the halls were appreciative and open-handed. It seems to me that the gist of Mr. Nicolson's message to us from U.S. is a truth which is at last screaming itself hoarse over the world, namely that Congress does not now represent any important fraction of American opinion, that Congress is discredited as never before, and is to-day nothing at all but a raucous voice from the wilderness of dead bones. Individually and generally, I firmly believe, with Mr. Nicolson, the American people are neither greedy, narrow, nor materialistic. But I do not think that the views of Congress on European liabilities and politics have yet undergone any material change from materialism and provincialism.

F. E.'s LIFE.—Lord Birkenhead's first volume of his father's life has been encouragingly acclaimed by the critics. The publication in the Press of instalments of notable biographies is doubtless good publicity for the books when they come out, but it hits both ways. It induces people who read the instalments to neglect the book in the belief either that they have already "done with" it, or that they have certainly skimmed the cream, and it is, of course, the worst possible criterion of the merits of the book as a book. Lord Birkenhead is young and naturally has much to learn of the technique, but he has been influentially sponsored, well advertised, and warmly encouraged, and he shows promise of good things to come in the future, when he has gained the necessary experience. His father's career as a subject is almost "fool proof." In the case of every *faber fortunæ suæ* the bare facts of the career beat the best plot that the brain of a novelist can devise, and F. E. had natural qualities and characteristics which enhanced the interest in his every motive and action. He was indeed an eighteenth century type in outlook and manner of life, one who was a spendthrift of life, one who drained the rich wine of living to the dregs—in short a subject for biography impossible wholly to bungle. There is perhaps rather too much inequality in the material rewards for biography. F. E.'s life, written even by a neophyte, earns its official biographer a sum of money equal to the life-earnings of an industrious writer, while a "model biography" of some less romantic yet equally deserving and even important figure, even if successful, may well earn its author no more than a few hundreds.

A RELUCTANT AUTHOR.—Reluctance to write a book is not a familiar state of mind, especially where it is reasonable to anticipate that the book will be a best seller. Mr. Lloyd George, knowing that the dazzling harvest to be reaped from his coming War reminiscences was common property and already much exaggerated, rejected the gesture of reluctance as undesirable. But Mr. Jardine, a less practised hand, confessed that it is with great reluctance that he is beating his bat into a fountain pen to write a best-seller, and I can well believe him. He is to vindicate his Test team and methods apparently under the authority of the M.C.C. There are many reasons why Mr. Jardine must hurry. His publishers will urge it on the score of topicality. "Best selling" hangs on promptness. The subject will be as dead as mutton after the silly season in August. Again, the Australians must not have a clear field for slander for too long. They have had a wonderful start of us and are already a field ahead and going strong. And lastly, in this country, the bribes for blabbing offered by the sensational Press to members of our team are so high that human nature must at last succumb, and some of the pearls may find their way to the pigsty before Mr. Jardine's Ashes of Controversy are well and truly stirred. And when the book is out and sold and forgotten and some of the profits distributed to those stalwarts of the team who didn't blab, let us hope that the Australian Tests will be adjourned *sine die*, or until we have returned to healthier conditions and cricket once more becomes a recreation and not an ulcer.

SECOND IMPRESSIONS.—A little space may be spared to second impressions—and depressions—of two institutions of the London Season, the Opera and the Academy. Covent Garden has definitely recovered some of its former brilliance as a social event, and the Strauss night is definitely the most favourable for observing it. Cut though *Der Rosenkavalier* is, it is still long, but it is well arranged for social interludes, and the first act at its longest is all too short for those who appreciate the ever-mellowing art of Lotte Lehmann. With delicious memories of a former Oktavian, I can only appreciate Eva Hadrabova's voice, but Adele Kern as Sophie wins all hearts. As for Sir Thomas Beecham, he is really great in this opera and has done much to restore the reputation of Covent Garden. A second visit to the Academy confirmed my first depressions. It is as melancholy a show as I remember. The crowd is surely the most depressed and uninspired that ever passed turnstile. And indeed there is little to inspire the country cousin and the provincial lady in the big rooms. Simon Elwes' remarkable pictures attract crowds. I don't know how he stands as an artist, but as a wizard of likeness he stands high. Not content with hitting off to a T the best remembered pose and "look" of his sitter, he seems to have studied the portraits of his subject's ancestors back to Methuselah. Go from the portrait of Prince George to the N.P.G. and compare it with any of the youthful portraits of George III's sons, and you will gasp. Generally speaking, it is a relief to turn from the big rooms to the etchings and water-colours where excellent work is still to be found, or the small pictures in Room 9. In the big rooms I felt much as I feel when I walk observantly down the Strand on a wet day.

THE NEW SHOP GIRL.—One curious result of the "social revolution" and world slump—still more significant as an instance of how over-taxation of the upper class inevitably hits the classes below—is the increasing substitution by luxury shops of upper-class girls for those of the established type. The lead was taken by the expensive ladies' dressmakers, then the flower shops and antique shops and presents departments joined in the movement. Now the old-established legitimate luxury shops are hard at it, too. There was some justification in the case of antique shops, and those admirable wedding-present departments, for choosing shop assistants whose education and environment and upbringing gave them a better chance of understanding the needs and helping the decisions of customers. Less, but perhaps a little, in the case of ladies' dressmakers. But when the practice becomes general among old-established and thoroughly professional firms it is to be strongly deplored. For in nine cases out of ten one fears it is not on merit that the upper-class girl is turning out of employment the professional class. Often, no doubt, her more expensive education and upbringing may help her to strike a right note or earlier to establish a sympathetic understanding of the customer's mind and needs, but the professional shop-girl is a fine product of generations of patient endurance, restraint, and acquired technique in a difficult art, and she is an infinitely more dependable article than her "sister from Mayfair." It is to be feared it is not on merit but on financial consideration that the exchange is made. The upper-class girl doubtless needs to earn money, but she is not destitute. She has a home to go to, if she will; she is assured of food and shelter, and attention in case of ill-health. Twenty-five to thirty shillings a week make all the difference to her, but to her professional rival such a wage is a starvation wage. Then again the fashionable dressmaker recognizes the fact that the upper-class assistant demands a long holiday and is willing to be "turned-off" during the slack seasons of September and the New Year without wages—an immense saving in a large establishment dependent for its business on fashionable London being full. It would be foolish of me to suggest that anyone is to blame for this state of things. In times like these the majority of businesses are forced to cut down expenses in every possible way; equally, an individual from whatever "depressed class" in the State is entitled to earn what she can. But the fact remains, and it is a significant one.

HAMPSHIRE GARDENS.—An exceeding bitter cry comes up to me from Hants. In my recent list of lovely gardens I made no mention of Hants. A politician may "forget Goschen" and be still reckoned sane, but no sane garden-lover can forget Hants. There is The Vyne, where the Chutes have lived 300 years. It stands, a document of our social history, and I shall remind readers of it before it opens in August. Then there are Broadlands and Heron Court which open in July. Meanwhile there is Walhampton near Lymington, which opens May 24, a notable garden; and Avon Tyrrell, Bransgore, a perfectly enchanting setting, which opens June 1 and 8. All these places hold the added charm of a lovely journey through most beautiful scenery and past places of great historical, romantic, or picturesque value.

A LITTLE-KNOWN REGULATION.—An enormous revenue is being gleaned from fines in Petty Sessional Courts levied for infraction of a traffic regulation which is still curiously little known among the public—that is, the law which forbids motorists to park their cars more than 15 yards off the main road upon common lands. It is an excellent law, designed to preserve the amenities of commons, and it is a great pity that so few motorists appear to realize its existence. For many decent drivers, anxious to get off the main roads as they should, drive on to the commons beyond the regulation distance and must pay £1 or more for what seems to them a very trivial offence. Ignorance of the law does not excuse. There is no obligation for a display on the commons of a notice setting out the regulation. But it occurs to me that the Motorists' Pocket Book (issued with driving licence) might well tabulate a few of these little-known laws of the road.

THE OLD STAGER

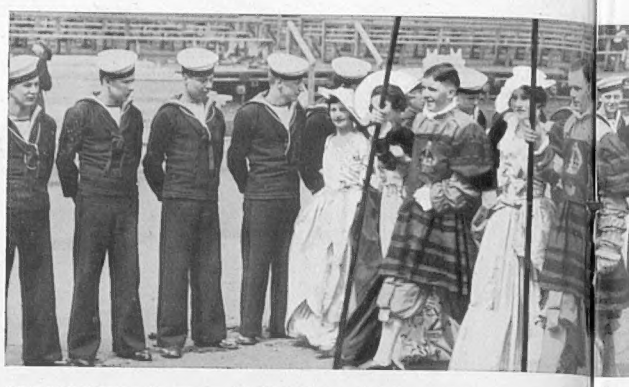
SUCCEEDING THE LATE MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE: Mr. Cyril Atkinson, K.C., the new Judge of the King's Bench Division who was sworn in at the Law Courts on Monday

THE KING, whose rheumatic indisposition last week caused concern to his people, visited the R.A. on Sunday and showed welcome signs of recovery to health. He is here seen leaving the concert at the Royal College of Music, South Kensington, which was given by the students last week in honour of the college's jubilee year

COMING NAVAL NIGHT PAGEANTRY at

First Pictures of the Shadowgraph Effects

GREENWICH HOSPITAL PENSIONERS SILHOUETTED ON THE PAGEANT SCREEN: Great developments are taking place in connection with this intriguing feature of the Greenwich Pageant. Here one sees the features of a group of pensioners thrown in vivid outline on the screen during rehearsals

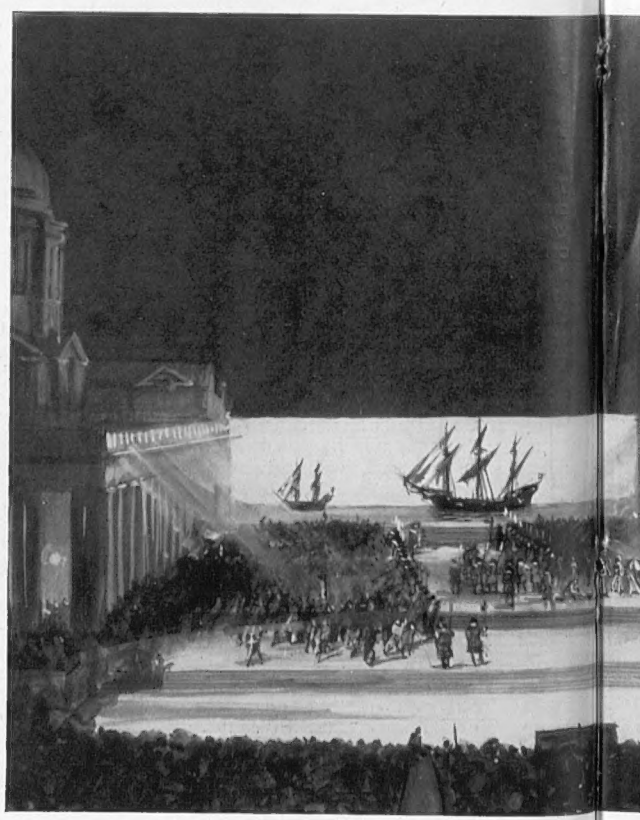


PERFORMERS IN THE GREENWICH NAVAL PAGEANT PASSING
who last week inspected the stage and the great stand

HOW THE DATES OF VARIOUS INCIDENTS ARE TO BE THROWN ON THE SCREEN: An ingenious use of the screen is here shown. As an episode approaches, it is possible to project big words and dates which will be visible to every spectator on the giant stand

HOW THE SHADOWGRAPH EFFECTS ARE GOING TO BE
picture was obtained a few evenings ago during rehearsals.
continuous movement to the vessels. They move forward
along on the surface of a blue green sea.

OLD GREENWICH PENSIONERS FIGURE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EPISODES: A scene during a night rehearsal at Greenwich this week. The palace courtyard forms a natural stage of splendid proportions ready-made for the pageant. Some 2,800 performers will take part in the various episodes. Whitebait dinners, once such a popular feature of Victorian days, will be revived for the period of the pageant and, with its ideal setting by the riverside, it promises to be one of the most fascinating of the 1933 season



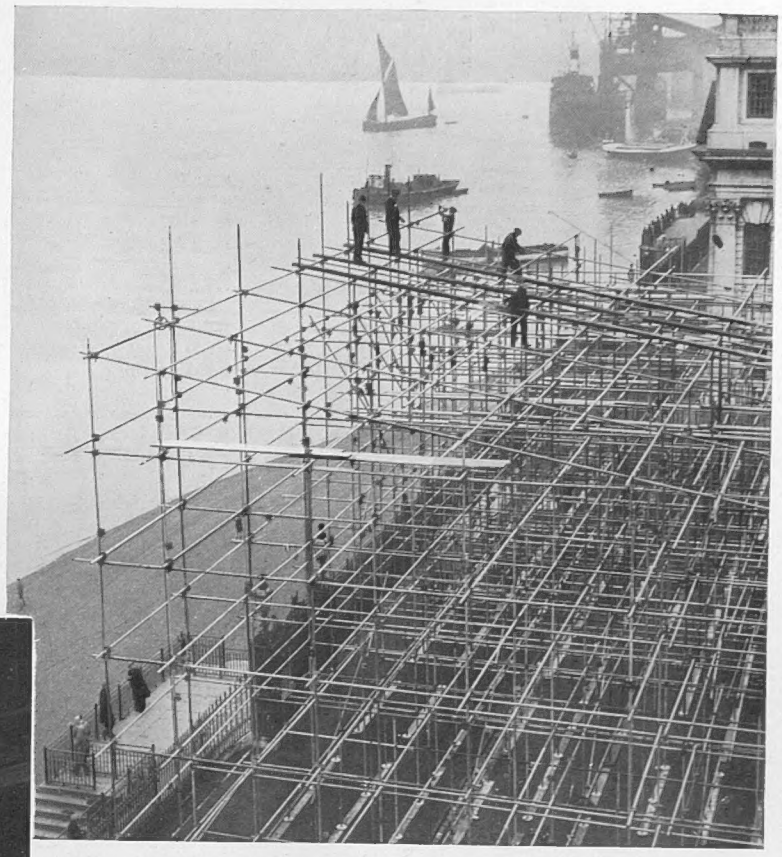
WHERE THE GREENWICH NAVAL PAGEANT TAKES PLACE:
Greenwich will be re-enacted at Greenwich Royal Naval Co
Mr. Arthur Bryant, historian, is the pageant master, and
inception to Vice-Admiral Barry Domvile, C.B., President
the first performance o

GREENWICH

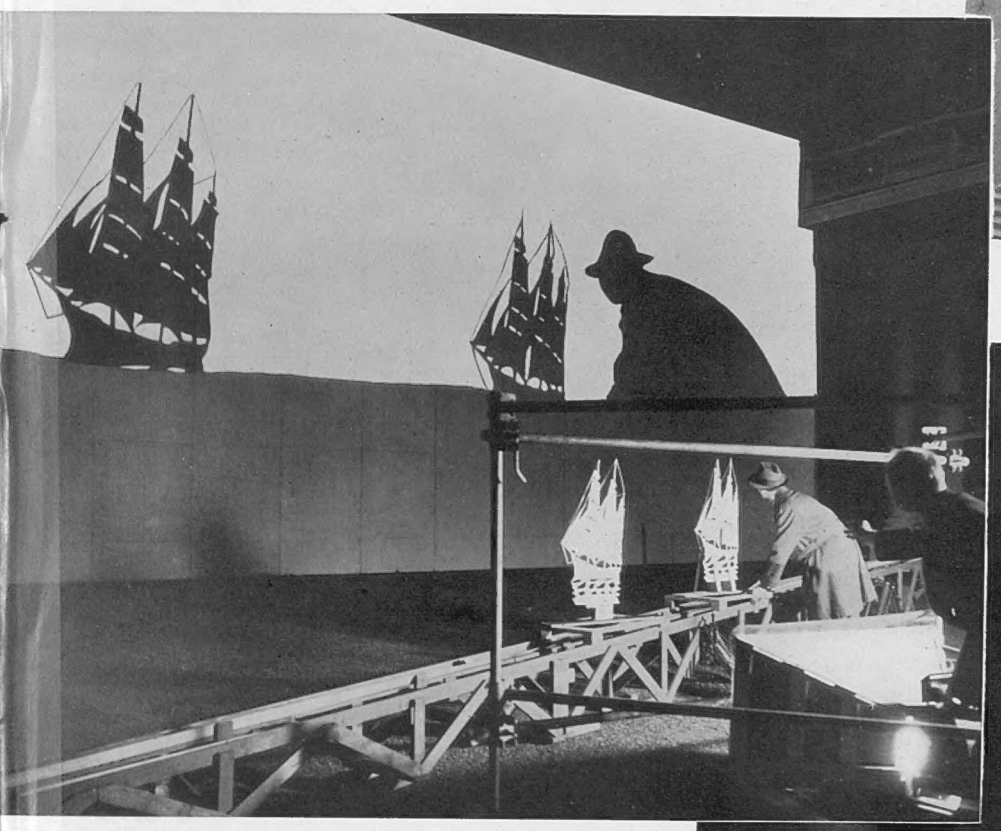
to be Used Next Month

BEFORE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, EARL BEATTY, part of which is visible in the background

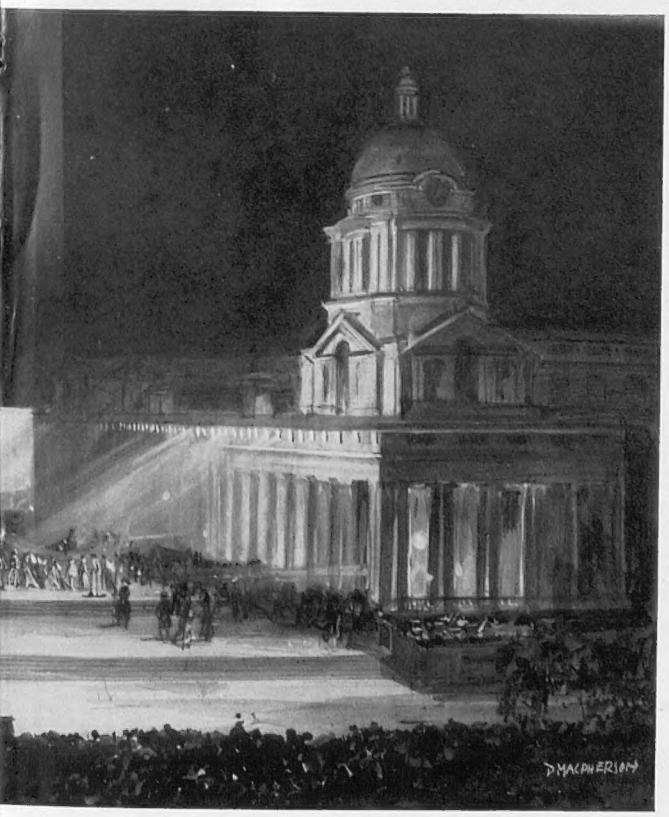
DISCUSSION: Vice-Admiral Barry Domvile with Mr. Arthur Bryant, pageant master



THE GIANT STAND, the biggest ever erected in this country, backs on to the river front. The spectators look towards the screen which lies inland. This stand contains 150,000 ft. of metal tubing. It will seat 12,000 people at a performance. 4,000 sq. ft. of the stand will be covered



EMPLOYED DURING THE GREENWICH NIGHT PAGEANT: This night it shows two cut-out ships on an electric railway which gives easy at a speed controlled by the motor beneath, and sail gracefully Professor Haig, the inventor, is seen silhouetted on right



Drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

This drawing shows how the episode of Queen Elizabeth's visit to lege. On each side are the splendid colonnades of Wren's buildings. has written an excellent scenario for the pageant which owes its of the College. The pageant will take place from 10 to 12 midnight, which will be on June 16

Special "Sphere" Pictures

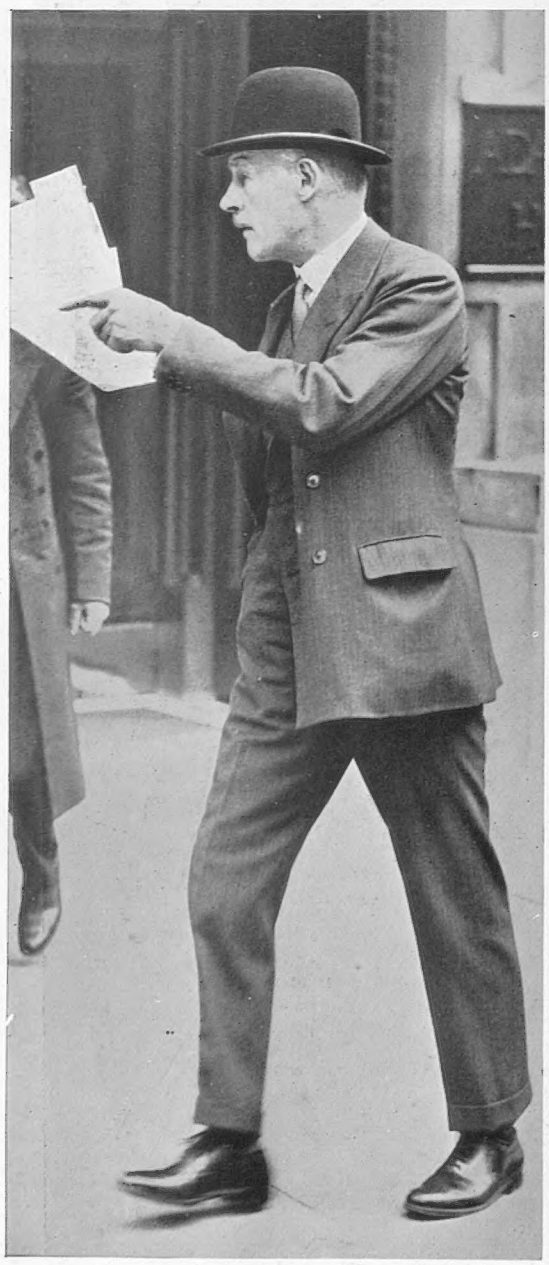
EPISODES OF THE GEORGES: The incidents in the Greenwich Pageant include several eighteenth-century episodes—the landing of George I, the King's birthday, Wolfe's departure from Greenwich, and so forth. Here are some of the actors and actresses in these episodes beside one of the splendid colonnades which enclose the great stage. The colonnades and balconies provide natural exits and positions for the actors in a manner which should recall the majestic canvases of Tiepolo and Mantegna

HOME NEWS

AT OLYMPIA: Two child owners with their pets at the Ladies' Kennel Club Dog Show where a special competition for young owners was held

A BATH FOR THE HIPPO: Untroubled by the world's news, Whipsnade concentrates on the construction of a new hippo pond. An entertaining picture from the famous open-air Zoo showing zebras and an ostrich watching the latest addition to the amenities of their domain

INSTRUCTION IN ANIMAL WELFARE: Once a year school children of the Woolmore Road L.C.C. School, Poplar, bring their pets to the school to be lectured on their welfare. The children are seen giving their pets a brush and clean-up before the instruction class

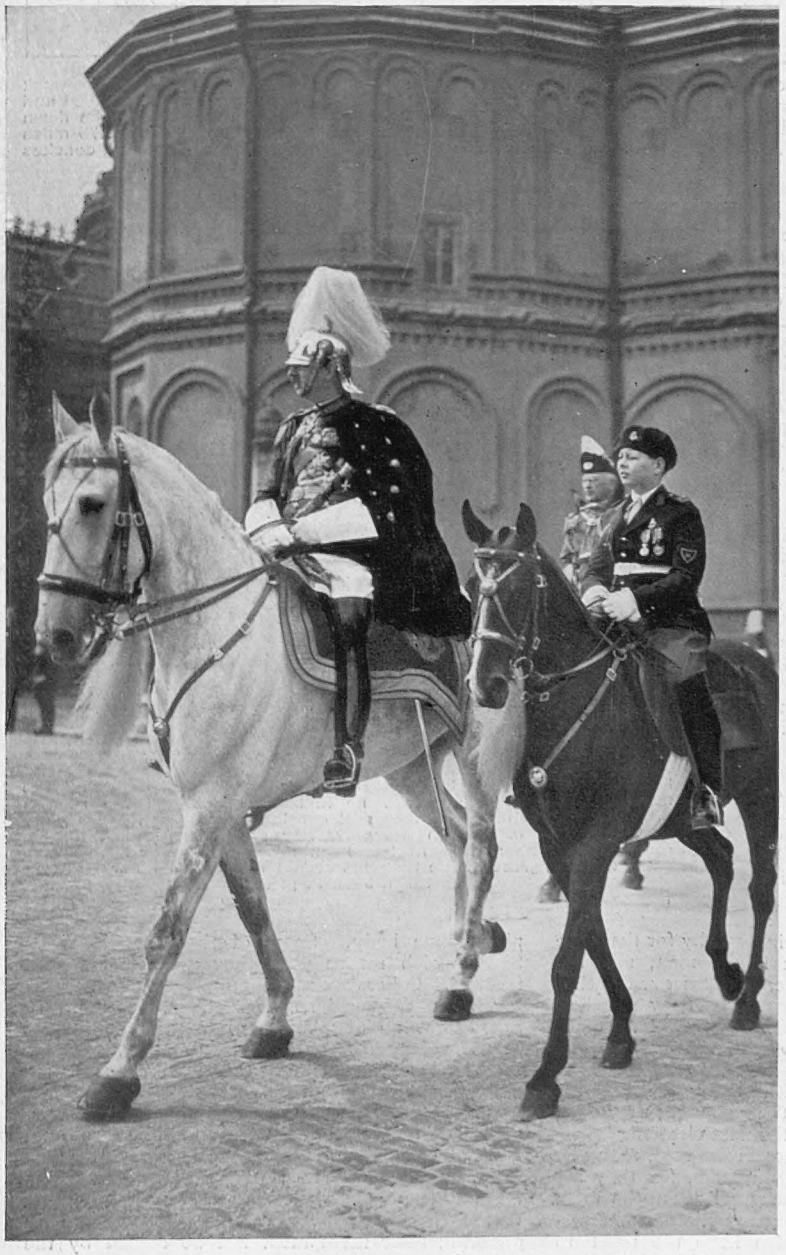


APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF: Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, K.C.B., who has been promoted in succession to the late Sir Geoffrey Salmond. He is seen leaving the Air Ministry after receiving notice of his appointment

A RACEHORSE THAT CAN NEVER TAIL BEHIND: Carron, a thoroughbred colt whose sire is the 1926 Derby winner Coronach, was born without a tail. Breeding authorities say that this should not prevent him from racing. This unusual colt is seen standing in the yard with his dam, Fair Aberdonian, at Banstead Manor, Cheveley, Newmarket. In spite of this one deformity the colt is obviously well proportioned and may yet have a successful career on the turf

News from Europe

PRESIDENTIAL ADMIRATION: M. Lebrun, the French President, expressing his admiration of some small statuettes sculptured by colonial artists which he inspected on the occasion of a recent visit to the Paris Colonial Salon



MARCHE MILITAIRE: King Carol of Rumania, accompanied by Crown Prince Michael, riding through the streets of Bucharest on Rumanian National Day. During the celebrations the King presented new colours to nineteen regiments

THE RETURN OF A RECORD-BREAKER: Mme Maryse Hilsz, who recently accomplished a record flight from Paris to Hanoi, Tongking, in under six days, seen on her triumphal return to Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris

WHITE PAPER WONDERS (No. I)

"On being a Hari in Sind; a Watandar Patel or Patwari holding Office, a Registered Deshmukh, or Deshpande, or a Lambardar in the Central Provinces; a Palampatadar, Izaradar, Inamdar, or a Registered Deshmukh in Berar; or a Jamabande Raiyat in Behar and Orissa . . . ."

The Variety and Complexity of the Franchise Proposed for the Legislative Assemblies (the above are Textual Qualifications from the White Paper here Described)

Of the 351,000,000 people in India to-day barely 7,000,000 are on the voting register. That means that 344,000,000 are beyond the pale, with no say in their own affairs. To the casual observer it must seem a scandalous state of affairs and an urgent argument for Home Rule. But to every man and woman who knows India the truth is clear. Even these 7,000,000 know little or nothing about politics. Many of them are illiterate. They cannot even read the names of the candidates they are asked to vote for.

In the burst of sentimentality that has produced the White Paper which is to confer all but complete independence upon the Indian peoples, it is proposed to enfranchise a further 30,000,000, most of whom will necessarily be even more ignorant of affairs than those who enjoy the vote to-day. This is being done despite the insistence of the Simon Commission Report that there should be no extension of the franchise for another ten years.

Sir John Simon's Committee had a reason for this insistence. They found that not merely a few, but the great majority of the existing voters, were illiterate. In the United Provinces as many as 90 per cent. of the voters are in this deplorable plight. Here, and elsewhere in India, they are able to distinguish candidates only by pictorial signs. The candidates are represented on the voting papers in India not as intelligent men representing a policy to which the electors are asked to subscribe, but as inanimate objects such as bicycles and umbrellas, or as animals and birds, such as a tiger or an elephant or a peacock, which of course in itself denotes an unintelligent exercise of the vote.

There are still other difficulties to contend with. India is a country of vast size, with literacy thinly distributed, and the population strewn about the countryside in 750,000 villages; so constituencies are necessarily large. Some of them are as large as all Scotland. Three of them are even larger. Each returns one member. Distances are great; the means of communication are poor. The interest in politics is absolutely nil.

The simple villagers are concerned not as to who will go to Delhi to speak in their name or in the name of Congress—most of them, indeed, have never heard of Congress and wonder if it is an old, old man with a beard—but they are troubled instead over their crops, over their debts to the local money-lender, the marriage of a daughter (a very costly item), or the burial of a father (which can be equally expensive). To hell with politics is their attitude.

They can understand going on a long pilgrimage at a festive season. From time to time they take their families a village or two away to a fair. They may even, if Hindus, have to do a penance that will involve their measuring their length upon the earth again and again over a distance of many miles. But what is the sense, they ask in a bewildered way, of travelling ten or twelve or twenty miles to a polling station to write a cross against a tiger or an umbrella? They cannot understand what times are coming to. Who started all this bother anyway?

Of course in such circumstances no appreciable degree of secrecy can be maintained at the booths. The polling officer takes the voter in hand. He helps him to mark the paper and then to place it in the appropriate box. Even the literate are a problem, for they are only vaguely literate in some local vernacular that is not elastic enough for the intricacies of Western democracy. Yet with all this demonstration and care a large number of the voting papers have to be ignored because the votes cannot be determined. They have been spoilt although three polling officers have devoted the whole of one day to as few as 300 or 400 voters.

Extraordinarily enough, in spite of these insuperable difficulties the percentage of votes cast is exceedingly heavy. To the student of Western political vagaries this is baffling. Yet it is explained by the very ignorance of the electorate. In their pathetic simplicity the electors think that voting is compulsory, that some dire punishment awaits them if they do not utilize the privilege of their vote.

Not infrequently the voters are dragooned by someone in authority in their village, the landlord, the moneylender or the headman, who bear them off to the polls. Then the entire body may be seen arriving in a drove and voting solidly for the same candidate. It is the man, not the policy. Few candidates even bother to belong to parties. They stand as individuals, for themselves. Once elected, they need not trouble, indeed they do not trouble, to visit or keep in touch with their constituents. There will be time enough, they feel, on the eve of the next election.

Women possess the vote, naturally in very small numbers, for they are even more backward than the men, educationally, socially, and economically. They also have the right to stand for election. This right they possess in seven out of the nine provinces. One of those in which they are denied this opportunity is, surprisingly, the advanced province of Bengal.

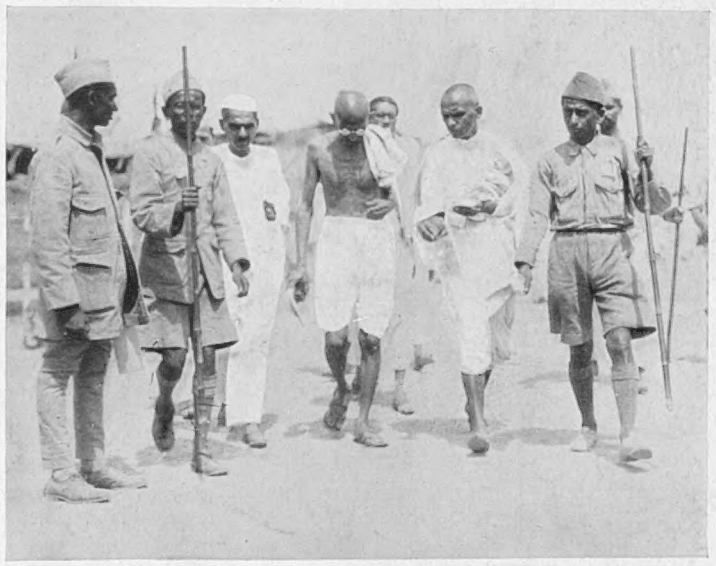
The White Paper aims at widening the base by giving the vote to simple peasants paying in some cases no more than 12s. to 15s. *a year* in rent for land. The qualification for the vote is gauged on a revenue or rental basis essentially. Special representation is provided for women and for labour.

As set out in the White Paper the voters seem a picturesque body. Some of them are Haris in Sind, which means that they are small tenant farmers. Others are much more important, enjoying such designations as Zaildar, Inamdar, or Sufedposh—all of whom are headmen and officers in the villages of the Punjab; or Patel, Patwari, Deshmukh, and Deshpande, who similarly ornament and rule the villages of Berar.

Care must be taken, though the White Paper says nothing of it, that Moslems and Hindus do not meet at the polling booths. They should be kept apart or there will be rioting and broken heads. As for the women, they must be kept apart too, for, remember, the bulk of them are in *purdah*; their faces must not be defiled by the gaze of man.

R. J. Minney.

THE PUNJAB MAIL DISASTER: Natives assisting in the rescue work some hours after the crash in which five passengers were killed and thirteen injured as the result of the deliberate wrecking of the down Punjab Mail. A rail had been removed from the line about 275 miles from Calcutta which resulted in the derailed engine and coaches plunging down an embankment into a nearby field



THE FASTER FREED: A first picture of Mahatma Gandhi since his release from prison in Poona, where he had been confined for sixteen months. His self-imposed fast still continues, we learn as we go to press, and he is still in comparatively good health. Mr. Gandhi states that if no agreement has been reached between the Government and Congress by the time his ordeal has ended he will ask to be taken back to prison

A Bridal Pair—from Devlali

"His Majesty's Government are very anxious to secure that the proportion of women electors should be adequate. . . . The proportion of women to men in the electorate will depend upon the number of women who are actually registered. . . . Nor has any separate provision been made for the special seats reserved for women. . . ."

A DOUBLE PLUME ON EVEREST

Some Fine Pictures from the Second Flight to the Peak

THREE PEAKS ON THE LHOTSE-EVEREST FACE OF THE PEAK: This view, taken on the occasion of the second flight to Everest on April 19, reveals three peaks on this south-westerly profile of the massif. In addition, it would appear that the plume has a tendency to split into two parts as if an eddy were formed behind the main summit

"Times" world copyright pictures

THE TWO PLUMES FROM THE EVEREST HEIGHTS: This picture was taken as the two 'planes of the second Everest flight were approaching the great peak. There seems clearly to be a main plume from Everest and a second one from the Lhotse peaks. The Houston-Westland machine, one of the two financed by the generosity and public spirit of Lady Houston, is seen approaching the summit on the right

THE SECOND FLIGHT TO EVEREST: Some New Aspects of Famous Peaks

MASSES OF SNOW TO THE SOUTH-EAST: This picture, taken on the second flight to Everest, reveals tremendous masses of snow towards the south-east, a reversal of the bare, wind-swept character of the north-western face

A NEW OUTLINE FOR MAKALU: This view, taken from the S.W. during the second flight to Everest, reveals Makalu as a majestic mass, culminating in a tapering peak

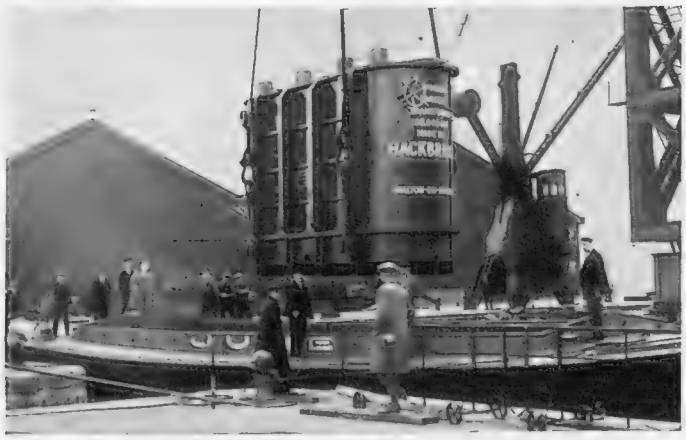
THE SNOW FACE OF MAKALU: This view, taken from the S.E., reveals the south-easterly snow face of the peak, which is buttressed by several imposing masses

"Times" world copyright pictures

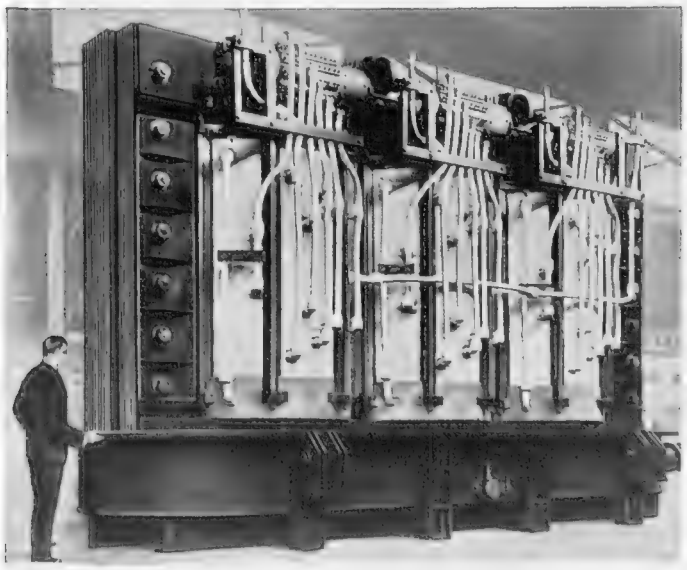
AN ICE RIVER FROM EVEREST'S SOUTHERLY SLOPES: This fine view, looking towards the Lhotse-Everest massif, reveals a big glacier, with several tributaries, flowing in a south-easterly direction

The Sphere of Mechanics

A MARVEL OF CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING IN CONCRETE: A striking view of the new 632 yds. Tranebergs Bridge now nearing completion at Stockholm. The arches are the largest yet built of concrete and have a span of 588 and a navigation height of 90 ft.



A GIANT TRANSFORMER: The second of the two 125,000-h.p. Hackbridge transformers made for Barking Power Station by the Hackbridge Electric Construction Company at Walton-on-Thames. It is seen at Greenland Dock during shipment to its destination



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TRANSFORMER: This enormous piece of electrical apparatus, claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world will raise the voltage supplied by the turbo generators at Barking Power Station from 12,500 up to 33,000 volts. At this pressure it is fed into the outgoing cables. The transformer has over 43 miles of copper windings, and possesses an iron core weighing over 75 tons and containing enough iron laminations to make something like 100,000 ordinary wireless transformers

A NEW TYPE OF RAIL BUS: After many weeks of secret trials this car has now been put into service on the 3½-mile stretch of railroad between Brighton and Devil's Dyke. It is equipped with a control room at each end and is driven by a 100-h.p. steam engine

THE FIRST ALL-BRITISH MOTOR TURNTABLE FIRE ESCAPE: This up-to-date engine has recently been completed by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons of Greenwich for the Hong Kong Fire Brigade. The ladder, in four sections, is constructed entirely of steel, and extends to a height of 100 ft.

C

A STORM CENTRE OF NORTHERN EUROPE? The South Jutland area (shaded) which was returned to Denmark after the Great War and upon which the Nazi regime is now directing its attention

ANOTHER FRONTIER

South Jutland, the Reclaimed Darling of Denmark upon which She has Lavished Her Wealth, Threatened with Absorption by Nazi Germany

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SOUTH JUTLAND.

Thirteen years have passed since Franco-British troops stood to arms along Flensburg Fjord while 75 per cent. of the war-worn North Schleswig population opted to go back to that Denmark whence their fathers had been wrenched by Bismarck's Prussia of 1864—a performance even Queen Victoria found difficulty in swallowing. The fact that those troops were here in 1920, implying the Versailles Treaty at work, is to-day the battle-cry of the Nazis in their rather breath-taking campaign to get back North Schleswig which the Danes call South Jutland. In point of fact, it is not easy to develop other and legitimate German claims or grievances. Therefore, all is riveted upon the detested *Diktat*—the Danes had had recourse to it! Sufficient!—when the Nazis are not banking hysterically upon the historical. (The contemporary field is apt to be so barren for them.) Thus, the old German cry of *Up Ewig Ungedeelt!* meaning that North and South Schleswig shall never be divided, is their stand-by despite the fact of its home being a treaty of the fifteenth century, and treaties are not eternal. However, "up ewig" is sufficient for the incorporation of this "bleeding border" in the general German frontier hæmorrhage that forms Hitler's chief stirring in young veins.

By the time this appears the Führer will have addressed a monster meeting at Kiel; an even greater occasion of manufactured mass sentiment is planned for June 15 at Flensburg, when all Denmark and the world shall know that the present vile holding under of German citizens must cease! And so it is to go on: deliberate Hitlerian attempt to drown the facts in wave after wave of organized borderland emotion while at the same time the Nazi Government will deny all knowledge of such "private demonstrations" on the same principle as the Soviet denying the Third International.

It is not known that this Easter the Danish Government awaited an unauthorized Nazi invasion by lorry-loads of young hotheads. A regiment of dragoons was sent from Frederica to the frontier which was also posted with machine-guns. Copenhagen is determined only on one thing, namely, to withstand by force any Nazi crossing of the frontier. "We think we can deal with private armies" is rather pathetically said by these Danes, who now are unable to proceed with their steady self-disarmament which was to make of them the first voluntarily divested people in the history of the world. Beyond this attitude to "private armies," the Danes, in their present mood, are not going to do another thing towards self-conservation. The German North Schleswig minority, numbering 30,000 among 180,000 inhabitants, has its own newspapers and associations and its orators who are more Nazi than their fellows below the frontier in Germany. Though Danish citizens, these are being allowed to carry on their violent campaign against Denmark. Never was there, among sovereign nations, a more Christian turning of the other cheek than Denmark's attitude to-day, home of free thought and speech. One only wonders if it is altogether wise.

It is not my purpose to overdraw recent happenings in this countryside. Fascists do so love being Fascists at a frontier. Who shall forget the French attitude of amused disdain towards Mussolini's youths when, earlier on, these would come and shake a musket or a fist across at Garavan? They even did more, made brief incursions into France. I bear Garavan in mind now, but here it is not the same thing. Neighbouring Schleswig-Holstein has gone Nazi with a bang. It is to be doubted if any other part of Germany is so Swastika.

The province south of Denmark, which heretofore was ruled by Social-Democrats who wanted peaceful resettlement here and there with the Danes, has overnight passed to a complete Nazi administration down to the smallest posts. Of 1,000,000 voters on March 5 last 650,000 polled Nazi. Since then the Opposition has been wiped out—as everywhere in Germany. Moreover, these Nazis directly south are of the fanatical order, bathed in Wotan mysticism, and they are being led by Lutheran pastors who have a bitter hostility to "unreligious" Denmark, by which you should read that Danish public worship is a matter for the private person, the Government standing clear of establishment. Particularly do the German frontier centres, such as Flensburg, show overwhelming Nazi majorities: round Flensburg there were 47,000 Nazi votes on March 5 against 18,000 of the since deceased Left. So you see that Hitler has got a frontier population all ready and straining at the leash, though foaming at the mouth might be a better current description. His mission is to ride it, while drawing to the full upon its passionate yearning for purposes of domestic spellbinding. I say "domestic" advisedly, because, as was made clear to me at Hamburg, Germany is not at all anxious to *export* revisionism at the present time; that will come later when she feels stronger and has a better Press.

Feeling behind them this tremendous Nazi power, the Germans on both sides of the frontier are fairly throwing themselves about. Not even we would stand it. On the German side Nazis and Stahlhelm spend their free hours parading and flag-wagging and executing military tactics of sudden seizure and advance. Their leader is a young clergyman named Peperkorn whose wife is Danish. This man of God breathes "hatred of Denmark" and longs for the day when "the streets on the other side shall be open to the brown battalions"! Day and night, Peperkorn and Burgomaster Sievers, his second, maintain the supply of fuel, and as the countryside is hypnotized by the Swastika a state of constant effervescence prevails. On the Danish side, in the territory claimed by Germany, the Nazi leader is Pastor Schmidt, who sits in the Copenhagen Parliament. From being once moderate, this man of God now owes nothing to the Führer himself in the way of an exalted Nazi-ism. And the Danes let him do, say, write, absolutely as he wills. And Goebbels puts the holy man on the ether. The Hitler plan is to generate a terrific Minority pressure from the Danish side, and Schmidt is become his instrument. The Danes have only so far drawn the line at Minority youths wearing the Nazi uniform.

And yet they realize (as I have evidence) that South Jutland is being undermined in that way Germans are good at: the "subsidizing" of pro-German minds in the public services. Only this week, an espionage network was divulged by which the Germans were able to listen-in on Government telephonic conversation with Copenhagen. In sum, it is not overstating it to say that this Minority, protected by Danish statutes allowing for freedom of the Press, the right of association and of assembly, the inviolability of the home, and the impossibility of arbitrary treatment by the Executive—the exact things Hitler has stamped out over the border—is being moulded, under Danish eyes, into nothing less than an active advance guard of the hoped-for Hitler "taking-over" one day.

Peperkorn says there are three ways of effecting this. By war, by plebiscite, by direct negotiation with Denmark. He rules out the former; he is averse to the second — because, from a 25 per cent. pro-German vote in 1920, the figure had sunk to 14 per cent. last year—the Germans are quite willing to hold plebiscites, such as the Saar, where they would win, but not otherwise; it is the direct negotiation that is allegedly being worked for, and to this Denmark answers that there is nothing to negotiate over. "Three causes for a Minority appeal to the League exist. Racial, lingual, religious. This Minority is of our race, tongue, and religion. It is merely German-minded. They are not Germans, but have German opinions, which is quite another matter. And they number one in seven of the population, according to the latest voting. If South Jutland went back to Germany, that means there would be seven exiled Danes to every one reintegrated German-mind. One should also remember that there are 15,000 Minority Danes south of the frontier under Germany. We claim nothing on the strength of them."

In Copenhagen I saw an exhibition of Soender Jylland showing what the Danes have done since 1919 for this reabsorbed territory. Figures bore you, but the country has been switched over to agriculture, and butter, bacon, eggs have soared three- and fourfold in production. Millions of kröner have been spent on roads and dykes and pumps and canals by which the coastal area is now kept from winter flooding. Millions have gone in the unique school freedom. Industries, beer, wool, wood, have been developed. South Jutland, as the reclaimed darling, expected much and duly got it, after being a neglected German northern remnant for so long.

In all, between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 kröner were spent on the national pet. But—the farmers mortgaged and borrowed extravagantly in those gone, gay days, and now are having to repay at a very different figure and in the depths of slump which has nowhere hit more heavily than precisely here. Farm produce is fetching little in Denmark. But still quite a lot over the border in Germany. Here you have the seed of much local discontent (always cherchez l'économique nowadays) which the Nazis are exploiting. It is as if these bankrupt Frisians said to the Danes: "Well, so long; you're no use to us any longer. Even a handicap. We owe you lots. We'll be so much better off under the Germans." One fears too many Minority troubles are traceable to this kind of thing. These frontier folk want to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, change over from one side to the other as the material call beckons. After the Central Powers' whacking, and later when the mark nose-dived, it was good not to be German. Now . . .

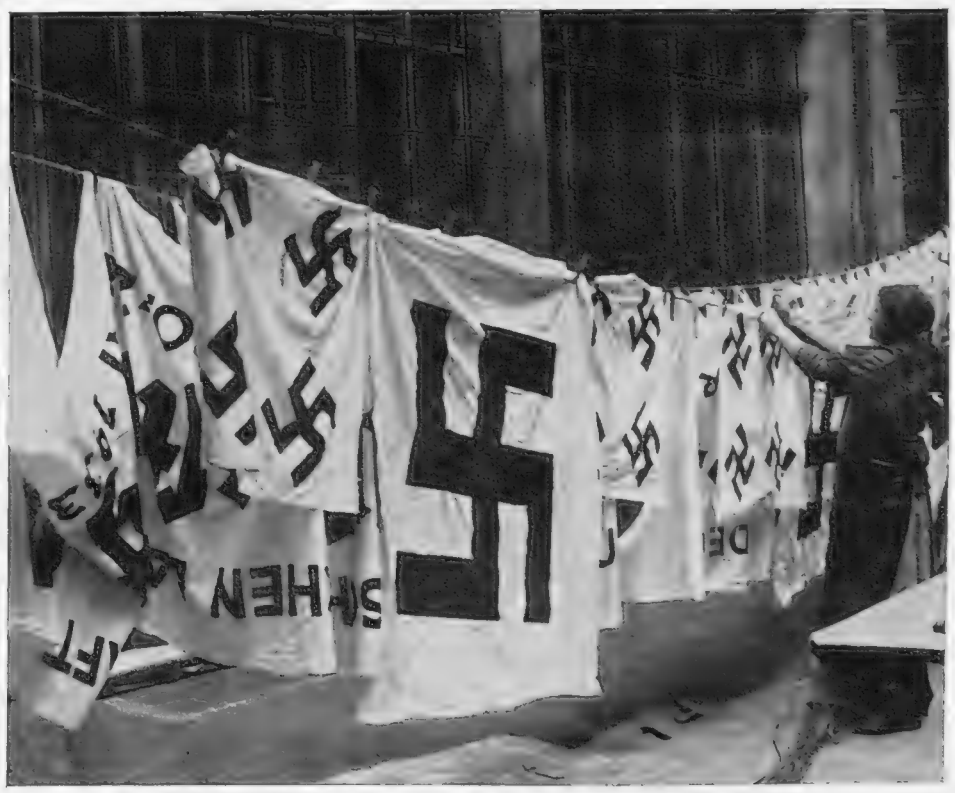
Some believe the Nazis will one day come over, and that, before the fait accompli, Hitler will proceed to indulge a little Jeholing. Sir W. Layton has been told as much by the Nazi paper published at Danish Aabenraa. Peperkorn has dotted the i's by saying that presently as many as eighty Nazi "cells" should be operating within Danish territory. Should this happen, Nazi may meet Nazi for the first time, for young Copenhagen Danes are beginning to form the first Nazi battalions of Democracy, a development which was bound to come and may well grow immensely elsewhere. The Danish Nazis preparing to withstand the German Nazis began by wearing the Swastika, but they've shed that in favour of a pair of ravens—symbol of old man Odin, who used to keep two perched on his armchair to send out for good news. Maybe our young Danish Nazis have bethought themselves of Nevermore.

IN SCHLESWIG TO-DAY: Two veterans of the war of 1864 in which Prussia claimed the South Jutland territory and wrested it from Denmark

IN NAZIDOM

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN: While London Labourites observed the first of May with the usual Hyde Park demonstrations, and Parisian Communists indulged in violent clashes with the police, Berlin reversed the process with a giant gathering of youthful Nazis who assembled in the Lustgarten in honour of the new regime. The national tricolour and the swastika flags of the Nazis were appropriately in evidence, and the Nazi police had some difficulty in controlling the youthful enthusiasm of the young demonstrators

DESTROYING ANTI-GERMAN LITERATURE: Nazis and students assist in carrying out the order banning anti-German books by raiding a bookshop in Berlin and confiscating the offending literature. A great pile of these volumes was afterwards burnt



IN A BERLIN FLAG FACTORY: Many thousands of swastika and black, white, and red tricolour flags, now the official German symbols, are being rapidly made to meet the new demand. A woman worker in a Berlin factory is seen hanging up the swastika-printed cloth to dry after the manufacturing process

KEEPING THE HUM

HOW VIENNA IDENTIFIES HER CHILDREN: The little foot is smeared with printer's ink, and an impression is then made which completely proves the identity of the child. This method is used on newly-born children in the Brigitta Maternity Home in Vienna

INFRA-RED AS A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM: After years of research a means has been perfected whereby these rays can be harnessed for the cure of rheumatic and other deep-seated ailments

DEFEATING INFLUENZA: A patient in the anti-influenza chamber at the British Humane Association's Clinic in Pimlico where germ-killing fumes can be inhaled for the small charge of 3d.

ULTRA VIOLET RAY TREATMENT: An assistant at the Medical Supply Association demonstrates how these rays may be employed in curing skin ulcers and other surface ailments

THE LONDON HOSPITAL has its own factory where a staff is constantly engaged in manufacturing catgut for surgical use. Sufficient profit is made by the factory to support a number of the hospital's needy patients

How Medical Science Keeps

By PHILIP INMAN

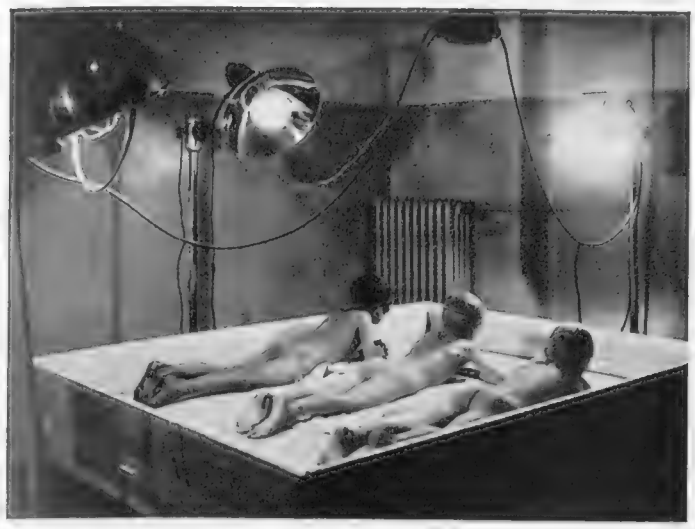
If there is one man who knows about the health of the nation, that man is Sir George Newman, who is our Chief Medical Officer of Health. Not long ago he uttered these significant words: "For centuries the ravages of disease have changed the fate of nations, but within the lifetime of men now living conquest has been achieved. We are living in the golden age of medicine—an age which is rapidly changing the face of the world and the destinies of men." It all sounds very cheering—but is it true? The past winter witnessed an influenza epidemic which accounted for tens of thousands of lives. Typhoid fever has been raging in various parts of the country. In a small Yorkshire town, with a population of 5,000 people, over 250 of them were struck down by this scourge and many of them lost their lives. And even the super optimist, alas! can find few signs that cancer is on the decline. The golden age indeed! It sounds like the promise of a land fit for heroes to live in—a precious long way off.

And yet, let us not take a one-sided view of this picture. In thinking of the work that has still to be accomplished, let us not lose sight of the great and glorious triumphs wrought by medical science. Take the history of the last fifty years. Consumption—known as the white scourge—has become controllable. Smallpox has now no terrors for a vaccinated community. Rabies, that turned men into maniacs, has been completely eliminated. Diphtheria, with its terrifying high death rate, has dwindled to infinitesimal proportions. This certainly sounds a little more like the golden age. And the story does not end here. Not only in medicine but in surgery great things have been attempted and achieved. A generation ago it was no uncommon thing to see a crippled child pulling itself along with the aid of sticks, a young man hobbling along with knees crossed and arms swinging to help him on his way—they were both victims of congenital hip disease, very prevalent in those days. We go far before we see them now.

And here is another surgical wonder. It comes into the realm of what is known as plastic surgery. That the child of to-day is freed from the hideous deformity known as hare-lip, with its component evil of cleft palate, is due entirely to the skill of the modern wielder of the lancet. These are specific examples of the way surgery has triumphed in two definite fields. They do not take into account the enormous strides that have taken place in general operative work. There is now no organ in the body, however delicate, which cannot be successfully treated by the knife. How different from fifty years ago! Sir Frederick Treves once had a girl patient who was suffering from a minor malady, and he told the waiting mother that a slight operation would have to be performed. Instantly the woman burst into tears. Sir Frederick tried to reassure her. "It is only a slight trouble," he emphasized. "Yes," sobbed that woman, "but who is going to pay the funeral expenses?" It sounds an incredible story to-day, for it is safer to undergo treatment at the hands of the surgeon than to cross Trafalgar Square.

And whilst on the subject of operations, how many people there are whose dread of the actual operation is exceeded by the thought of the anæsthetic. "I don't like the idea of being put to sleep" is the wail of many a patient. Medical science has no greater triumph to offer than the marvels wrought by the modern methods of anæsthesia. The other day I was walking through one of the wards, when I stopped to talk to a patient. "How are you feeling?" I asked him. He smiled, a rather wan smile. "I shall be

AN RACE HEALTHY



SUN-RAY TREATMENT: In this Berlin school, children, whose mothers have to go to work, are cared for and allowed to play. One hour of the day, however, is set apart for sun-ray treatment

THE INOCULATION DEPARTMENT AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL: A patient receiving an injection of vaccine. Inoculation is employed both for the treatment of existing disease and as a means of prevention where the subject is liable to infection

Pace with the March of Progress

(House Governor of Charing Cross Hospital)

better when this ordeal is over," he answered. And when I told him it was over, he looked dazed as though he had not heard aright. It *was* actually over. What had happened was that this man had been given a little prick in the arm which had sent him fast asleep. The stretcher bearers had come along, and carried him to the operating theatre without his knowing anything about it. And the name of this wonder drug is nembutal. Another marvellous anæsthetic is the spinal one. A slight puncture, hardly felt, in the back, and the patient becomes insensible from the waist downwards. I myself have undergone an operation under the influence of this nerve paralyser, and I was able to read a magazine whilst it was in progress. The anæsthetist of to-day has in his possession the means of dispelling all the terrors attendant upon operative work. The choking sensation, the feeling that one is drowning, the dreadful after-effects of nausea—all these have had their day and ceased to be. These three —medicine, surgery, and anæsthesia—have been the recognized curative media. But with the rapid march of progress new factors enter into the reckoning. Hitherto, medicine has confined itself to dealing with the ailments that result from unemployment, poverty, slums, and the like. It has now to focus itself upon totally new conditions. Let me give a simple illustration. The modern tendency is not to be satisfied with buildings of two, three or four storeys, but to erect what is now familiarly known as the skyscraper. As a result, there are rooms where the natural sunlight can never penetrate. What is the answer of medical science to this challenge? It is a bold one. Artificial sunlight was discovered and has been brought to perfection. Not only does it contain the tonic rays of the sun itself, but it is possible to administer it by regular doses, and in this way has become a valuable curative process for the treatment of rickets and other bone diseases. It is by no means a fantastic prophecy to assert that before long there will be apparatus of this character in almost every dwelling.

And there are other evils which must be laid at the doors of modern progress. The craze for speed, the vapours in the air created by mechanical transport, the terrific din from the electric road drill, to the amateurish changing of gears—these have led to throat and ear troubles and the racking of sensitive nerves. But medical science is ever alert to meet the need of these ever-changing conditions of life. On eyes, on ears, on nerves, experiments are always proceeding, and the aim is to find new methods to resist the weaknesses when they become apparent.

It is impossible to condense in the space of a brief article the whole romantic story. It is only possible to mention by name the marvels of the all-penetrating X-ray, the achievements wrought by inoculation and the wonders of medical electricity. In this respect, tribute must be paid to the great army of research workers. The old adage is still true, "Prevention is better than cure." And in the laboratory to-day men, yes, and women, bearing the imposing titles of Analysts, Bacteriologists, Pathologists, Bio-chemists, are working night and day to find the cause of the maladies which afflict mankind. And when this has been achieved, the road from the cause to the cure should neither be a long nor a difficult one. "The golden age of medicine," says Sir George Newman. Unquestionably he is right. As a result of the work of our great scientists, every child born into the world to-day can expect to have twelve years' more life than his grandfather. If things progress, we shall soon—to quote Mr. Bernard Shaw—be going "Back to Methuselah."

TYPHOID GERMS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH: Examining a tube of germs capable of killing many thousands of people. The institute is one of the most vigilant germ-detecting forces in the world

NO TERRORS NOW FOR THE NERVOUS PATIENT: An up-to-date operating theatre where all is cleanliness and efficiency. Owing to the marvels of injected anæsthetics, a patient can be put to sleep before leaving the ward

HUNTING FOR DISEASE IN FOOD: Work in progress at the new headquarters of the Royal Institute of Public Health where scientists are engaged in detecting germs liable to affect the nation's food supplies

ATTACKING RHEUMATISM and ASTHMA

A BERLIN INSTITUTE DEVOTED TO RHEUMATIC RESEARCH: Dr. Arnold Zimmer, the head of the institute, at work in his research room. This apparatus is employed for measuring metabolism, a factor relating to changes undergone by nutritive matter in the body, and which has much to do with the causation of rheumatism

AN ASTHMA CURE: Several hours of the day are spent by the patients at this Asthma and Tubercular Home, near Schwerin, in hermetically-sealed rooms. Their only communication is by telephone

AT THE BERLIN RESEARCH INSTITUTE: Assistants watching through the microscope for changes in the capillary vessels brought about by rheumatism

THE BORDER RAY: A new therapeutic treatment used in the Schwerin Tubercular Home for counteracting lung congestion

A PATIENT in one of the hermetically-sealed rooms

DETECTING THE TYPE OF RHEUMATIC AILMENT: An assistant examining X-ray pictures for evidences of disease

THE TEETH: An assistant at the Berlin Institute inspecting a patient's teeth and tonsils which, if unhealthy, may result in poisoning of the system

Readers of "The Sphere" will be interested to hear of the work now being done by the medical profession in Germany in connection with perfecting cures for rheumatic, asthmatic, and tubercular ailments. Illustrations are shown on this page of the institute in Berlin, under Dr. Arnold Zimmer, where rheumatic patients are now dealt with, and of the new Asthma and Tubercular Home at Schwerin. While with tubercular trouble there has for long been a recognized procedure essential to effecting a cure, such as an immediate change of air and the building up of the body through correct diet, recent developments in Germany show that the power of auto-suggestion is also a curative factor of the very first importance. Near Schwerin, in the Province of Mecklenburg, the asthma and tubercular home is already proving itself by the number of patients whose health it has restored. Here on the banks of a lovely wooded lake, and well away from the comparatively unhealthy atmosphere of the city, a 200 ft. steel tower has been erected in the spacious grounds of the home, and patients in their sealed cubicles are led to believe that they are receiving air pumped directly from the mountains. In actuality it is the ordinary air of the vicinity, which, after being cleansed and freed from its dampness, is led by pipes directly to the patients. This mild subterfuge has worked many cures among sufferers unable to afford a mountain cure. For with this to spur them, and with the optimism so frequently associated with the outlook of the consumptive, they have really believed in their chances of recovery. It is a practical demonstration of the very real power of faith in relation to medical healing.

FAST FLIERS OF TO-DAY

THE "NON-STOP TO AUSTRALIA" 'PLANE: From this angle the *Airspeed Courier* looks like a veritable flying bullet. She will be used by Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore in the projected attempt to fly to Australia, re-fuelling at four previously determined points in the air. The wheels can be drawn up into slots when the machine is in the air. There is a roomy glazed cabin for the pilots

FOR THE IRAQI AIR FORCE: Eight de Havilland "Dragons" drawn up behind the Iraqi pilots at Hatfield Aerodrome before departure for Iraq a few days ago. They are intended to form a bomber squadron for the Iraq force

PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION IN THE WINGS: This window gives the passenger an excellent view, in spite of the propeller, when travelling in the big new all-metal Junkers monoplane, *Generalfeldmarschall von Hindenburg*. The picture was taken last week at Croydon Aerodrome when this giant 'plane arrived there

THE FASTEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: This new single-seater high-speed Hawker Fury has been produced for the Air Ministry. She is expected to realize 250 m.p.h. on her official trials. She is fitted with an improved Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine. Note the elliptical or tapered wings and the wheel covers (or fairings)

A CLOSE-UP OF THE HIGH-SPEED HAWKER FURY: The wheels of this new type of interceptor fighter are enclosed in metal fairings. The machine will be seen in public for the first time at the Royal Air Force display on June 24 at Hendon

WHALE-FOOD

ALONE WITH THE PENGUINS IN SANDEFJORD BAY, CORONATION ISLAND: This panorama of a p
seas shows how small the plucky little *Discovery II* was in comparison with the great glaciers and
the bay a fleet of icebergs is floating o

A SCENE AT THE SIGNY ISLANDS, SOUTH ORKNEYS: Members of the expedition visit the wr
They can be seen pulling round the stern, while in the background can be seen an interesting ex

OUT ON THE ICE DURING REPAIRS, IN THE FAMOUS WEDDELL SEA: The *Discovery II* was among ice in the Weddell Sea when this picture was taken. It was in this ice-blocked sea that the Shackleton ship got caught, was crushed by converging floes, and finally sank. The ice on which members of the expedition are standing is not very thick judging by the crushed ice at the side of the vessel

Last week we gave a first section of pictures dealing with the zigzag cruises of the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II* around Antarctica. Here we are giving a second set of pictures further illustrating the remarkably interesting work of this ship in connection with the investigations concerning the food of the Blue and Fin Whales, two types of cetacean which visit the Antarctic waters in varying numbers from year to year. The various factors concerned with the amount of their food and the areas in which it was most prolific have a bearing on the whole question of whaling and the ultimate control of this important industry in the Antarctic. The *Discovery II* has found that these two types of whale feed exclusively when in Antarctic waters on a small shrimp-like animal about two inches in length. This little animal itself lives upon diatoms, minute marine plants which are affected by

HUNTING WITH "DISCOVERY II"

ma of a portion of the South Orkney group of islands on the edge of the Antarctic aciers and bergs of the South. A penguin rookery gave life to the scene. Out in floating on a quiet sea

it the wreck of a steamer named *Agela*. esting example of the undercut berg

BOTTLED-NOSED WHALES THRASHING THROUGH THE WATER OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST: It was not this particular type of whale with which the expedition was chiefly concerned. It was the food of the Blue and Fin whales which principally occupied the attention of the expedition

CATCHING WHALE-FOOD IN ANTARCTIC WATERS: The arc light was employed during night work

A WHALE-CATCHER WITH SIX WHALES ENTERING GRYTVIKEN HARBOUR, SOUTH GEORGIA: These are marvellously sturdy and agile little craft and generally have cruiser sterns and speeds of over twelve-and-a-half knots. They plough through the wildest seas and battle with ice and turn through the circle of 360 degrees in 77 seconds

the conditions of the sea-water in which they live. The winter and summer movements of the ice pack affect these diatoms which feed the "krill," which in turn forms the food of the visiting whale. "Krill" is the name given by Norwegian whalers to the little shrimp-like animal already referred to. The efficiency of the modern floating whale factories and of the smaller catching steamers has in recent years been so great that a control of the industry, founded on a wide knowledge of the natural conditions affecting the Antarctic whaling industry, has become very necessary. The fine panoramic view given on this double page was taken during a visit to the South Orkney Islands, part of the imperfectly charted islands of the Falkland Dependencies. They are surrounded by pack ice in the winter, but are ice free during the variable season in the summer time.

AT THE WORLD EXCHANGE: Operators on the Continental switchboard at Faraday House

THE SWITCHBOARD of the WORLD

By CHARLES GRAVES

Faraday House, the Clapham Junction of the International Telephone Service, where Science has Annihilated Space and 32,000,000 Subscribers are Linked Together by One of the World's Most Ingenious Systems

I would have been very probably burned at the stake 300 years ago if I had stated in public my experience of the past few hours—of calling up spirits of the vasty deep (in other words talking to ships at sea); speaking to voices without bodies 5,000 miles away; hearing about my brothers' plans in Cairo and the political news in Bombay. Even eighty years ago I would have been ridiculed to death as an unconscionable liar compared with whom De Rougemont was a mere child.

Yes, I have been to Faraday House and fingered the keys at the switchboard of the world. Science achieves so much so quickly that already Rudyard Kipling is disproved to the extent of sixteen-seventeenths of his most famous sentence. East is East and West is West and already the twain can meet in 32,000,000 cases out of 34,000,000. For there are 34,000,000 telephone subscribers in the world, and you can ring up any of them from Faraday House with the exception of those living in Albania, French Congo, parts of Russia, China, and Japan.

The world's switchboard is an L-shaped reddish-white room with 100 high chairs, an asbestos ceiling, a cork floor, and bulbs, pneumatic tubes, endless conveyors, and the other latest inventions in telephone devices. There are 200 girl operators, of whom 100 are on duty at a time. Each speaks German and French as well as English, and some speak Spanish and Italian as well.

As you enter you see the names of Genoa, Rome, Zürich, and Geneva painted on the right-hand side, and Cape Town, Cairo, New York, and Sydney on the left. Elsewhere round the room are the names of every great city in the world. Paris has dozens of lines. Madrid has two. Amsterdam has eight or ten. No girl operates more than two lines and sometimes only one. Genoa is being very garrulous at the moment, and the pretty telephone operator's voice rises in a corresponding crescendo. Rome is also vociferous, but the Vatican is as silent as the tomb. Nevertheless the various sound-deadening devices prevent what would be normally a babel from rising above the level of the vague chatter of a girls' tea fight.

Let us look at the New York line. It holds the record for the cost of a single telephone call—£270, no less. At first it was easy for eavesdroppers with powerful wireless sets to pick up important transatlantic conversations. To-day it is quite impossible. A device, known popularly as a "scrambler," jumbles up all the voice frequencies until the conversation is utterly incomprehensible. Then the four-band-inverter cuts up the stream of babble into four further parts. That is all that the eavesdropper can hear before it is unscrambled at the other end. But listen for a moment to the telephone operator. She has been asked by a young man to put in a call to a girl in New York. "Miss —— is not in," she tells him. "But her father will accept the call." You cannot hear his reply, of course, but you gather its gist when she says to New York, "The gentleman says he prefers to wait until the lady comes in."

A moment later there is a call from Paris to San Francisco. This too must go through Faraday House. Here it comes. A girl is wanting to speak to a young man this time. Romance is again blighted. "*Monsieur n'est pas là*," she informs the French girl. "*Mais Madame acceptera.*" That did not suit the French girl any more than it had suited the Englishman. She cancelled her call.

To show that Faraday House really is the switchboard of the world one may point out that the most expensive call in the world, which is from San Francisco to Melbourne, consequently traversing the greater part of the world, must go through Faraday House. The actual route is from San Francisco to New York by land line, from New York over the transatlantic radio to London, from London also by radio to Sydney, and from Sydney to Melbourne by land line again. There has been one call of this nature, and it cost £11 8s. for every 3 min. The most expensive call you can make from London is to Hawaii, which is a matter of £9 12s. On the other hand, you can call the Philippine Islands for a mere £7 4s. Every day about 5,000 calls pass through the switchboard. Their average length is from 6 to 7 min. and their average cost over £1, which is more than £1,500,000 a year. The most talkative lines are those to Paris, followed by Zürich, Basle, Geneva, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and in fact anywhere where there is a money market.

One of the chief jobs of the world's switchboard is the tracing of people in time to take a long-distance call. One of the best examples of this was when somebody in New York put in a call for a "Captain Armstrong of the British Army." That was all that was known about him. A survey of the current Army List showed no sign of such an officer. The War Office was consulted: that was no good. Finally the membership list of each of the Service Clubs in London was combed, and ultimately it was discovered that there was a Captain Armstrong who belonged to the Army and Navy Club who had American connections. He was not in the club. He was not at home. He was finally traced to a hotel in Southampton and the call was put through to him. This was all done in an hour.

There was also the case of a late Member of Parliament who was warned for a call from Chicago. They telephoned his house. It was found that he had gone on a yachting trip along the Devonshire and Cornwall coast. They telephoned Bridport and were informed that the yacht had just left and was on its way round to Barnstaple. They telephoned Barnstaple and had a messenger waiting on the quay for him to arrive. They advised New York and he duly took his call. If it is not callous to say so, it would have been a better though grimmer story if this call had been put in a few days later, for the M.P. was drowned on the return trip.

All Mayfair knows of the woman travelling on the *Olympic* who suddenly decided to use the wireless telephone service and speak to her husband, a peer. She presumed that he would be at home, as he had told her he would be there. Actually he was traced to the stalls of a musical comedy, whereby hangs a tale, but not one for me to repeat.

One of the most exotic calls that has passed through the switchboard at Faraday House was a call from Honolulu to Nice. Another was from Las Palmas to Constantinople. A third was from Paris to Sydney.

When one recalls that in 1919 it was only possible to telephone to France and Belgium from London, one can realize the amazing increase in the Continental and trans-oceanic telephony. Its importance to this country is immense. Trade follows communications, and though personal contact is obviously the best, it is evidently much more useful to speak personally on the telephone and to have question and answer then and there than to send letters or even cables. In business conversations, the intonation can

(Continued on p. 296)

(1) The telephonists' rest room. (2) Another view of the spacious rest room. (3) The staircase from a novel angle. (4) Exterior of the exchange. (5) The Lord Mayor makes a call during the opening ceremony

On left—THE PNEUMATIC TUBE into which an operator places the tickets booking overseas calls

MAY DAYS IN LONDON

CRICKET OPENS IN LONDON! Given a bat and a tennis ball, and with the aid of a lamp-post, the London boy has all that he requires for a thrilling game of cricket. In spite of the surroundings there is no stone-walling here

A MAY MORNING IN ROTTEN ROW: A rider and his youthful charge present a charming study in white while at exercise in the Park

JOY IN THE LONDON ART WORLD: Miss Janet Cree, a student of the Byam School of Art, has had her painting, "Oriental Portrait," purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Only six other women have ever gained this distinction

MISS ENGLAND 1933: Miss Angela Ward, the eighteen-year-old London girl who is to represent England in the forthcoming contest at Madrid, seen beside the tulips in the Park

URBAN RUSTICITY: A park-keeper stands watch over a newly-born lamb in the Green Park pending the arrival of the shepherd. Lambs are still being born among the 500 sheep that are grazing in the park, and in spite of the bustle and turmoil of the nearby streets appear to be no less robust than their country cousins possessing the advantages of a healthier atmosphere

"PORTRAIT OF ANNE VAVASOUR": A full-length painting of the English School, late sixteenth century, to be sold at Sotheby's next week. It was shown at the Burlington House Old Masters' Exhibition in 1902

PAUL VAN SOMER'S portrait of Elizabeth Lee, Lady Tanfield, probably completed in 1615. The dress is elaborately embroidered with silver and lace. To be sold at Sotheby's on May 24

ITALIAN ARMOUR: A rare Brigandine (early sixteenth century) and Salade (end of fifteenth century) to be sold at Sotheby's on May 26

A STEEL HELMET and buff leather coat of elk hide. The coat is seventeenth century and either Netherlands or Swedish in origin. (*Sotheby's*)

"SIR ROBERT GUNNING, BART., K.B.," by George Romney. This portrait was sold recently at the American - Anderson Galleries, New York

"THE DIGBY CHILDREN": From the painting by John Hoppner, and until recently in the collection of Brigadier-General Sir Charles Gunning. (*Anderson Galleries, New York*)

"SIR GEORGE GUNNING": Another recently-sold portrait by Romney from the Gunning collection. Sir George Gunning was the second baronet

GEMS OF ART AND ARMOUR

An Eventful Week in the Salerooms

The London Season is fully with us. The Private View of the Royal Academy has duly taken place, and the courtyard of Burlington House has, in consequence, shaken off its winter quietude; the posters of the Royal Tournament are exciting us with the prospect of yet another visit to Olympia to see the musical ride of the Lancers and the incredible swiftness of naval gunners; many columns of the newspapers are devoted to fashionable weddings and charity balls; on the tennis courts players are preparing for the Wimbledon contest; sporting papers are already staking their reputation by forecasting the winner of the Derby—and so we go on, each social pulsation following close upon the other.

Nowhere is the effect of Spring sunshine, flowering lilac, and blossoming chestnut trees more noticeable than in the salerooms, where the dullness of the early months is discarded and all is alive again. Next week is particularly important as from May 22 to 26 Messrs. Christies and Sotheby will vie with each other in offering us some of the very best in furniture, tapestry, pictures, and armour—it is *the* week to choose to be in London if you are a collector. And even those of us who cannot hope to do much buying have at least the satisfaction of seeing beautiful and rare examples of the varied arts.

English eighteenth-century furniture will be seen on May 24 at Messrs. Christies, who are selling the fine collection of the late Mrs. Henry Oppenheim, a sale which will take three days to complete. Some beautiful pieces ranging from the period of Queen Anne to the later Georges—that period when it seemed impossible for the decorator or furniture maker to make a mistake—will be on view, as well as some choice French furniture of the time of Louis XV and Louis XVI.

A very different type of furniture will be seen on May 26 at Messrs. Sotheby, when the rich, rather sumptuous furniture, designed by William Kent, will be sold. This furniture comes from Ditchley in Oxfordshire, the property of the late Viscount Dillon, sometime Curator of the Armoury of the Tower of London and trustee of the British Museum.

Ditchley, adjacent to Woodstock, lies remote from the world, a dignified Georgian house, built about 1720 by James Gibbs, who was also the architect of the Ratcliffe Library. It has the distinction of having belonged to one family from the time of the first owner, Sir Henry Lee, who was Ranger of Woodstock in the days of Queen Bess, and has been enriched by each successive owner by pictures and furniture which are now being dispersed. There are several side-tables, designed by Kent, all very striking of their kind—one of them has a fine marble top, standing on highly decorated supports, with a centre device of a female mask having a plumed head-dress. Another side-table, also by Kent, is very striking in its design, having female sphinxes as supports, seated on their haunches, their tails forming the handles for a classical vase which stands in the centre—unique and ingenious perhaps, but scarcely attractive to modern taste.

The Italian side-table, designed by Henry Flitcroft and carried out in Florence in 1726, is much more graceful and decorative, the legs having carved eagle heads with outstretched wings, holding in their beaks swags of fruit and foliage which are carried round the table—this table was made for Lord Litchfield, the owner of Ditchley (Charles II had ennobled the family of Lee when the heir had married his daughter by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland), and resembles one which was made for Devonshire House. Besides the Kent furniture there are beautiful Chippendale sets of chairs and an extremely fine Louis XV walnut suite with contemporary Beauvais tapestry illustrating scenes from Æsop's fables.

From Ditchley too, in the same week (May 24), come pictures by Old Masters, and family portraits illustrating English history from Elizabethan days. A short sketch of the Lee family is given in the front of the catalogue, together with an elaborate genealogical tree, showing the family connections and the uniting of the direct line, which ended in an heiress, with Henry, eleventh Viscount Dillon, in 1744. There are portraits by Lely, Van Somer, Antonio Moro, Gheeraerts, the latter artist having painted Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King James I, who visited Ditchley and hunted there. As the untouched accumulation of a great house during four centuries, this collection of pictures is very remarkable.

Valuable armour, coming from an Austrian nobleman, is also being sold on May 26 by

(*Continued on p. 296*)

EQUINE JOYS

A FAMOUS STAGE STAR OF EDWARDIAN DAYS AND HER STRING OF RACEHORSES: Mrs. C. Evans, better known as Camille Clifford, one of the most outstanding of the Edwardian stage beauties, takes an active interest in racing, and is seen above with her string of horses which Mr. C. V. Tabor trains for her at Epsom. On the extreme right is "Blighty," her entry for this year's Derby

"THE GIBSON GIRL": Mrs. Evans with one of her favourite 'chasers. During her heyday as an actress she was regarded as the person, in figure and looks, most truly representing the type which Mr. Charles Dana Gibson immortalized in his famous sketches

TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA: The Hon. Julian and the Hon. Derrick Mond, the sons of Lord and Lady Melchett, give an exhibition of horsemanship while riding in the grounds of their home at Melchet Court, Hampshire

A GYMKHANA PARTY AT MELCHET COURT: The Hon. Karis Mond, daughter of Lord and Lady Melchett, giving Georgina Phillipl, niece of the Countess of Lisburne, a leg up at a gymkhana held in the grounds of Lord Melchett's lovely Hampshire home. Lord Vaughan is seen holding the pony

ON THE BEACH

A riding class in picturesque surroundings at the popular South Coast resort

AT ANGMERING

OWEN NARES contemplates the waywardness of his fiancée and evolves a plan for outwitting her. A scene from Act I of *When Ladies Meet*

WHEN LADIES MEET: "It's grand to have two men to tuck you in at the same time." A few merry words from Marie Tempest in the new comedy at the Lyric. On her left is Owen Nares

AT THE LYRIC: Another scene from the American comedy, *When Ladies Meet.* "I'm afraid I've got your room. Don't come through here—I'll be asleep," says Claire Woodruff (Mary Newcomb) to her husband (Cecil Ramage), while the young novelist with revolutionary ideas about domesticity (Ann Todd) contemplates the unhappy situation she has been largely instrumental in creating

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE MOMENT

Left—Mary Magdalene (Gillian Lind) attempts to discover from Judas Iscariot (Robert Speaight) his plot for the betrayal of Jesus. A scene from *Cæsar's Friend* at the Piccadilly Theatre. *Above*—Carol Goodner in the Provençal dress she wears in the part of Catherine in *The Sowers*, an Arts Theatre Club presentation. The last performance takes place to-morrow (Sunday, May 21)

PLAYS and FILMS:

By PHILIP PAGE

If it is any part of the province of the theatre—and I do not think it is—to solve sociological problems and, having solved them, to drive the lesson home with a homily-laden hammer, I cannot imagine the task being carried out with more sincerity and efficiency than it has been by Mr. J. O. Twiss at the Fortune Theatre.

In his play, *Heritage*, he takes a leaf from Brieux, who was content to devote about two-thirds of his plays to propaganda, leaving the remainder well-constructed French drama of the type Mr. Bernard Shaw labelled "Sardoodledum." Mr. Twiss asks for more. He does not appear to be concerned with even in part entertaining (I use the word in its widest sense) his audience or with the normal function of a dramatist. He is all brimstone and no treacle.

That is rather a pity. For there is plenty of evidence that if Mr. Twiss could chuck at any rate some of his eugenics overboard he could write a play which might excite interest simply as a play. This *Heritage* does not and cannot do, partly because it is weighted down to the Plimsoll line with matters more suited to the clinic and to the statistical tomes of Lord Passfield than to the theatre; and partly because he has tried to write five plays in one.

To quote five cases of unfortunate paternity, with five tragic sequels, may be a wise course for a lecturer. A dramatist does not need a mass of evidence, but the ability to make vivid use of such evidence as he has. Had Mr. Twiss developed carefully the adventures of only one of his several sets of unfortunate people, *Heritage* would have been better "theatre" and would have served its peculiar purpose more effectively.

We saw drunken parents begetting drunken offspring, an insane Welsh servant girl begetting insanity, a homicidal maniac begetting a woman who could be fiendish even in the condemned cell. I could prolong the "begats" until it might appear that this strange piece is as dull as the genealogical tables of the Old Testament. It is not.

Mr. Malcolm Keen was sufficiently realistic as a barrister defending a prisoner on a charge of murder, and the audience (used as a jury, but unpaid) were easily convinced that "guilty, but insane" was the only possible verdict.

Good performances also came from Mr. Eric Lugg, Miss Cicely Paget-Bowman, Mr. Bernard Lee, and Miss Jessie Belmore.

Perhaps American film-producers have at last realized that, to put the thing on a commercial basis, it is not good business to suggest that deeds of staggering heroism in the air are the monopoly of the American nation. Perhaps the producers of the film *To-day We Live*, at the Empire, were not intent upon business so much as on making a charming gesture when they labelled several of the characters English and instructed the American actors who interpreted them to be as English as possible.

Unfortunately it is given to but few American actors to be convincingly English. Their efforts are as unconsciously comic as, I have little doubt, are those of the majority of English players who have to pretend to be American.

Mr. Gary Cooper had the easiest job, for he had nothing to do except to be Mr. Gary Cooper, plus the sentimentality that the cinema ordains should form so important a part of the ground existence of the American airman. Mr. Franchot Tone had to be an English naval officer, and was superhumanly wrong at every moment. For this Mr. Tone was hardly to blame; for the things he was made to do and to say, in all seriousness, would have seemed equally ludicrous had Lord Beatty, suddenly gifted with histrionic powers, been chosen to play the part.

The heroine is played by Miss Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford is still as a screen actress the exotic absurdity which, it seems, only Hollywood can breed.

In this film she has to be quite a simple girl. That her acting was the last word in sophisticated tenseness, and gave the impression, in consequence, that she was far removed from any sort of life (even the life depicted in an American aviation "thriller"), was the least part of her offending. She reminded me of one of the old "Follies" burlesques—I think of *The Chocolate Soldier*—in which a character had to sing:

> "I don't say anything funny
> But I do get lots of money,
> Which on Friday nights I take up
> For a most peculiar 'make-up.'"

I do not suppose that Miss Joan Crawford comes under the humble category of those who are paid on a Friday. But her "make-up" was none the less peculiar—alluringly "brutal" lips, over-emphasized, eyelashes apparently inches long, *coiffure*, the result of hours of labour, every corner of her face pencilled and bedizened.

I believe even these portentously-salaried stars have no say in such matters and are handed over, like dolls in a Nuremberg factory, to experts with grease paints and curling irons. So here Miss Crawford must be acquitted.

But the same relentless banishment of Nature is obvious in the faces of all female film favourites. That is why seven-eighths of them look alike. And it is all so silly.

Why cannot it be realized, even in Hollywood, that the object of "make-up," on screen or stage, is a natural appearance, and that pigments, etc., exist as a remedy for the unsatisfactory state of beauty unadorned before arclights or footlights?

Miss Constance Bennett seems to be apart from the usual facial flamboyance of female filmdom. Providence having chosen to allot her a face of more than usual

"Heritage" at the Fortune—a Well-Written Play Weighted Down with Matters more Suited to the Clinic: The Edmund Kean Centenary

beauty, she has been content (within, of course, the usual bounds) to leave it at that. For her cosmetics are not her cosmos, which may account for her alleged unpopularity in her profession.

I realize that the face of the real Constance may be buried beneath several layers when we see her on the screen; but I do not think so, and, what is the important point, it does not seem to be so.

Moreover, Miss Bennett is an uncommonly good actress of comedy. I have just seen the film version of *Our Betters*, in which she plays the part created on the stage in London by Miss Margaret Bannerman. There are certain affinities between these two actresses in addition to the fact that each is a *soignée* blonde. They can suggest *hauteur* without overdoing it, and they can be subtly hard.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's heroine is a rotten sort of baggage; but she moves on a high comedy plane, is not theatrically villainous, sees the funny side of things, and is a human being. Such a character is foreign to filmdom, where vice and virtue are divided sharply and without either sophistry or sophistication, and where emotions are laid on thick, like the greasepaint.

Miss Bennett's success is all the more remarkable in that she represents the glamour of the Old World rather than of the New, though she wisely refrains from altering her accent. She is not greatly helped by the remainder of the cast. *Our Betters* is none the less a film to be seen.

A second visit to *King Kong* was prompted by the request of a small child, whose mother was in a state of great anxiety lest she should be terrified. Throughout the performance the mother suffered agonies of apprehension, not about the film but about her daughter. The daughter, aged nine, was not frightened a bit, and the more amazing the actions of that gigantic ape, the more she laughed.

That is, I think, the condemnation of *King Kong*, though that is not to say that it fails as an entertainment. Obviously it does not, as the box-office will tell you. But there is no stupendous horror about it, such as one might imagine would arise could one see an animal taller than the Tower Bridge grabbing at aeroplanes as a dog snaps at flies.

One marvels at the mechanical skill and applauds the ingenuity. But it is all great fun and nothing more. Even when the monster holds a girl in the palm of its paw and prods at her, playful or amorous, the audience does what that child does, and laughs. A true "thriller," dealing with a subject in which Edgar Wallace emulated H. G. Wells, would have left spectators silent and awestruck at such a situation.

Yet, perhaps, laughter is the better way.

There is a tendency in some quarters to mark the centenary of Edmund Kean—he died at Richmond a hundred years ago this week—by declaring that he cannot have been a great actor.

That is not very generous and not very sensible. We have to rely on contemporary criticism; but contemporary critics were not fools and there is intelligent, and often distinguished, lay opinion to back them up. And an additional tribute to the worth of Kean is the financial aspect. His appearance, as an unknown actor from the provinces, at Drury Lane as Shylock brought long-continued prosperity to a theatre which was bankrupt. For years Kean drew his crowds, on both sides of the Atlantic, by no sort of sensational circus turn, but by his acting in Shakespeare. That was, too, before the days of press agents.

The portraits of Kean probably do him less than justice and certainly account in part for the habit of belittling him. The tragic poses inevitably suggest staginess. Well, there is good staginess and bad staginess. In those days they had to act tragedy with the lid off, not only because it was the vogue but because the stage, lighted by candles or by evil-smelling oil lamps, was in semi-darkness. The modern "naturalistic" method would not have been appreciated; it would not even have been seen.

Kean and his contemporaries actually stamped loudly before they made a speech, and when they made an entrance or an exit. They did this to call attention to themselves — a convention, but a necessary one.

I am wondering, with deference to the detractors of Edmund Kean, whether there is an actor on the London stage to-day the centenary of whose death will be marked by a single speech or paragraph.

The second cycle of *The Ring* (will it be the last?) at Covent Garden is in full swing; performances have varied from the good to the supremely good.

Herr Lauritz Melchior is not in quite such fine voice this year; but it is difficult to think of a tenor of the heroic type who could sing better and who could prove himself to be in as robust form generally at the close of an enormous opera such as *Siegfried* or *Götterdämmerung* as at the beginning of the first act.

Tristan und Isolde provided the first sensation of the season—the arrival in England by air of Madame Henny Trundt, of Cologne, an hour before she was due on a stage she had never previously seen. Indeed, I understand this was her first visit to England.

There must be some "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" who keeps watch on grand opera in emergencies, for the staggering difficulties were overcome without any sort of hitch. This in spite of the fact that Sir Thomas Beecham, indisputably a genius, is not an easy conductor for a newcomer, for his *tempi* are individual, not to say erratic, and his operatic methods are not those of the conductors of opera in Germany.

THE EDGAR WALLACE FILM AT THE COLISEUM: Filming *King Kong*, the spectacular drama centring round the activities of a film company which sets out to capture the beast god of a mysterious island. The cameras are seen preparing to film the gigantic gateway of the village. The natives demand that Ann, the heroine, be handed over to appease the god

THE 50 FT. MONSTER: A vivid impression of the bestial appearance of King Kong as he turns the tree over and engulfs his pursuers

ATTACKED BY THE TYRANNOSAURUS: The fight between King Kong and his hereditary enemy, a ferocious prehistoric animal nearly 50 ft. in length, which he eventually conquers

A FILM THAT IS CROWDING THE COLISEUM

The monster at bay. Brought from his island home King Kong is exhibited in captivity on the stage of a New York theatre. Catching sight of the lovely heroine, he breaks his bonds and runs amok through the city, wrecking street cars and elevators in his path

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

MISS BARBARA CARTLAND, author of *Just Off Piccadilly*, a new novel published by Hutchinsons

MRS. HENRIETTA LESLIE, whose story of life in Bulgaria, *Where East is West*, has been published by Jarrolds

The Last Poems of D. H. Lawrence—Verse That is Nothing More than Unpunctuated Banality: Some Pretentious Nonsense in "The Great Wall of China": "Round the World in a Baby Austin"

Whenever I pick up books of modern verse I find myself asking "What is poetry?" Rhyme, rhythm, and reason appear to be completely out of fashion. The poet sets a kind of jig-saw puzzle and the clues consist of unassorted lengths of words. The evidence of a disorderly mind now seems the first claim to consideration as a poet. I am confronted with the collected poems of two dead poets. They have been taken quite seriously by critics for whose opinion I have respect. Even allowing for the magnification of genius which is the habit of obituary notices, I find myself reading these books and wondering whether I am too sane or too ignorant to understand the modern Muse. We will open these books by chance. Here is a poem on the late War:

> The War was not strife
> it was murder
> each side trying to murder the
> other side
> evilly.

Now if this had been written by a child of ten we should not find it remarkable or even deserving of print. This rubbishy commonplace is chopped into verse lengths; it is nothing more than unpunctuated banality—"The War was not strife it was murder each side trying to murder the other side evilly." Any schoolboy who served up a sentence in that form would earn a thrashing. When the poet contemplates salt, he is moved to exclaim:

> Salt is scorched water that the sun has
> scorched
> into substance and flaky whiteness
> in the eternal opposition
> between the two great ones, Fire, and
> the Wet.

This baby prattle heads a page of gibberish. I have seen the bathers at Forte dei Marini, so has the poet, and here is divine vision—

> But the blatant bathers don't know,
> they know nothing;

they only show "Dunlop-inflated unconcern." The poem that follows marches from asininity to obscenity. Says the editor, in an introductory essay, "It was the beauty in him that found a new voice of grandeur and dignity." So that

> an ocean liner, going east, like a small
> beetle walking the edge
> is leaving a long thread of dark smoke
> like a bad smell.

These sublime quotations are taken from *Last Poems*, by D. H. Lawrence (Secker. 10s. 6d.). They form a fitting climax to the Lawrenciana with which we have been deluged these last twelve months. Doubtless these poems will be significant to those profound scholars who find a long thread of dark smoke like a bad smell. Every line of Lawrence's work, in prose or verse, proves that he was a tortured spirit, a man with moments of genius. In ten years' time he may be studied as a pathological type. At the moment his admirers insist on hailing the prophet, whatever straws are in his hair.

In the year before the War there was a poet who conceived the idea of a bookshop in which only poetry should be sold. He also imagined that it would be a good thing to enable struggling poets to live together. So he let off bedrooms in which they lived, but instead of the harmony of beautiful ideas, they fought and quarrelled and made a monkey-house of the place. Outside in the street the little boys shouted rude things and threw stones, for the shop was situated in a slum, and it was a grand entertainment to watch the arrival of Society ladies who paid a shilling to sit in a back room, in a dim light, and listen to a dim voice burbling strange words. In 1913, poetry, or what was acclaimed as poetry, was then the fashion. There was Rupert Brooke looking beautiful, and Harold Monro looking tragic, and there were dimmer Georgians introduced by Eddie Marsh. It was the age of the Café Royal and the Russian Ballet; when Epstein was not yet respectable, and Augustus John was a rebel.

Harold Monro was a moody young man who had run a poultry farm and a printing press, neither with success. After wandering across Europe and falling into an unsatisfactory marriage, he came back to England and founded the *Poetry Review*. All his life he lost money and upset his friends. He had a habit of cataloguing their works, with cutting comments. He was sustained by a private income and a belief in himself as a poet. Dark, restless, unhappy, the Muse never had a more devoted disciple, but she did not reward him greatly, as a reading of *The Collected Poems of Harold Monro* (Cobden Sanderson. 8s. 6d.) will prove. It is clear that he, too, did not know good verse from bad. Sometimes he stumbled into felicity, more often he plodded down dreary avenues of prose. In the 212 pages of this book I have failed to find a single stirring or beautiful line, a single original or profound thought. His philosophy appears to have been summed up in his lines:

> Wordful as only the twentieth century can be
> Swearing under the shadowiness of alcohol
> Loud oaths of loyalty never to be kept.

Monro was a good talker and could be excellent company. The closing years of his life were shadowed by a threat of blindness, which he met bravely. He was only fifty-two when he died, and he remained a young man in spirit and appearance. Extremely hospitable, he enjoyed gathering together the poets he fostered, and although he was most closely connected with the Georgians he remained to the end experimental. This collection proves him to have been a frustrated poet.

A very advanced young intellectual once spent a whole day in my presence murmuring about the tremendous genius of Kafka. A novel by this Jew from Prague had left him in a state of catalepsy, but in vain I tried to find out why Kafka was a genius. So I was foolish enough to buy his novel, *The Castle*. I found it a preposterous, meandering book. "There has been no literary genius in the modern world quite like Kafka," said a critic with bated breath. The chorus grew. There is always a chorus for an unintelligible book translated from a foreign tongue. We are now presented with *The Great Wall of China* (Secker. 7s. 6d.) over which the translator, Mr. Edwin Muir, goes into ecstasy. "He has that complete integrity which is like genius in that it seems . . . in phase, in execution, they are heroic, and only to be compared . . . etc." Having read *The Great Wall of China* I formed the opinion that it was pretentious nonsense, but kept my opinion to myself, a little shy before all the megaphones announcing sheer genius. I submitted the book to three intelligent readers and they are unanimous that it is a piece of elaborate stucco.

The story that gives its title to the collection is the account of the building of the great wall of China by a contemporary. It exhibits a complete ignorance of the geography, the history and architecture of the wall, and is an account entirely devoid of any point or sense. Had a youth in an elementary school submitted this essay he would have been thrashed for his audacity. We are asked to admire this author's complete incapacity to write about his subject. But not to be able to do a thing is now a proof of genius. We are informed, as a proof of the nature of genius, that this inspired Kafka "was almost always late for any appointment, not out of carelessness, but because of his very conscientiousness in making what he considered the necessary preparations." I expect now to meet a number of young intellectuals who, whenever modern authors are mentioned, will murmur "Ah, Kafka!" Once upon a time it was "Ah, Douglas!" "Ah, Proust!" "Ah, Lawrence!" "Ah, Joyce!" Now, peering over the great wall of China, they will exclaim "Ah, Kafka!" and there will be a great silence around the new Buddha of bunkum.

The theme of the novel, *God-Intoxicated Man*, by E. G. Kolbenhayer (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), is the quest by the philosopher Spinoza of a revelation of God. This is an historical reconstruction of the life and times of the Jew of Amsterdam, and presents vividly the conflict of religious schools where bigotry, hate, and persecution marked controversy. Herr Kolbenhayer draws a vivid picture of life in the Dutch town, with glimpses of Rembrandt and De Witt, and he succeeds in making Spinoza an appealing figure in an age when Europe was being leavened by a new philosophy.

The desire to make a journey round the world visits us all in our youth. Men have accomplished it on foot, on horse-back, by bicycle, by car, and by aeroplane. The title of Mr. Hector MacQuarrie's book, *Round the World in a Baby Austin* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), explains his means of locomotion. His story is a great tribute to the quality of these famous little cars. Crossing the Pacific they landed at San Francisco and began to journey down through California. The idea of lecturing to the Americans did not prove remunerative and the United States from coast to coast produced a revenue of £12. England was reached next and Sir Herbert Austin was invited to look over the bold adventurers. Then southwards through France and Italy they started on the more adventurous trip through Albania, Bulgaria, and Turkey.

The great terror in Persia appears to be not the Shah, with the habit of spitting in an offender's face, but the beggars. The impression made upon the two adventurers was that Persia was a land of disease and dust. There are no brigands, there now, for a brigand has ascended the throne and knows how to deal with them.

The little car traversed the great plain of India, proceeded to Malaya, and thence to Darwin, with its Chinese population, down through Australia to Sydney and home to New Zealand. The tour appears to have been accomplished with very little financial backing, much pluck, and constant hospitality from all races. It is a pity Mr. MacQuarrie is so incorrigibly facetious. The book has an excellent map and is well illustrated. It is a story of the world seen from the road, and naturally the state of the road affects the view.

The impression made by Mr. Cyril Hume's first novel, *Wife of the Centaur*, still remains with me. Since then he has written half-a-dozen books. His latest novel, *My Sister, My Bride* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), shows him marching from strength to strength. I would rank him, along with Louis Bromfield, as the most vigorous, imaginative writer in America to-day. This is the story of a man of forty-five who falls in love with a girl of sixteen. It flows with passion and enchantment, and progresses to a tremendous renunciation in favour of the more normal passion of the man's own son. The writing is of a nature essentially American, bold in expression, violent in phraseology, and yet capable of great beauty. This story of an Indian summer in the life of an artist commands attention and admiration from the first page to the last.

BOOKS TO READ

KILL, OR BE KILLED, by Major W. Robert Foran (Hutchinson. 18s.). Thirty years of adventure in search of wild game in Kenya and East Africa.

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK, by Major A. J. Dawson (Philip Allan. 5s.). A new and revised edition of a valuable reference book for dog-lovers.

AN ENGINEER'S OUTLOOK, by Sir Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). Lectures and monographs by the President of the British Association of 1932.

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE, by Sir James Jeans (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.). The new world of twentieth-century physics discussed against a background of philosophy.

FOR MY CHILDREN, by Kitty Shannon (Hutchinson. 18s.). A woman tells her children the story of her life.

YUGOSLAVIA, by Grace Ellison (John Lane. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.). A description of a new kingdom and its people.

TIA BARBARITA, by Barbara Peart (Faber and Faber. 15s.). Memories of an active life in North and South America.

BACKWATERS OF THE SAVAGE SOUTH SEAS, by Evelyn Cheesman, F.E.S., F.Z.S. (Jarrolds. 16s.). The adventures of an entomologist in the Pacific Islands.

NEWS out of EGYPT: THE NEW NEFERTITI HEAD

Photograph by courtesy of the Cairo Museum

This life-sized head of Nefertiti, now in the Cairo Museum, was found at Tell-el-Amarna this year by the Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition under the leadership of Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury. Of particular interest is the fact that the sculptor's guiding lines in black ink have not been erased. The artist has painted the lips red. The roughness of the back and sides of the head is explained by the fact that a wig or head-dress (possibly of a different material) was intended to be fitted to complete the figure

By courtesy of the Egypt Exploration Society and the Cairo Museum, we are enabled to give here three aspects of the recently discovered head of Nefertiti, the beautiful Queen of Akhnaten, the heretic King, who occupies such an interesting position in the religious history of Egypt

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

Egypt Exploration Society

A striking illustration taken from the newly-found head of Nefertiti, probably sculptured as a girl

A NEW CITY DISCOVERED NEAR CAIRO

The foundations of an ancient Egyptian city which have recently been discovered near Cairo. The Sphinx may be seen in the background

QUEEN NEFERTITI

Another Egypt Exploration Society illustration

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

Beauty Spots of the West from the Air

An aerial view of the old-world Dorsetshire market town of Cerne Abbas.

Drawings by Percy Home

A CORNISH BEAUTY SPOT: The mouth of the Helford river, a popular resort of yachting men

IN WOODED COMBE MARTIN: An overhead view showing how this charming Devonshire village stretches up the length of the Combe from the sea. On the hillside above the village are the ruins of ancient silver mines

BERE REGIS: This lovely Dorset village, the Kingsbere of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, has a long and interesting history. In pre-Norman days Queen Aelfrith had a residence in the neighbourhood

IN THE LAND OF ARTHURIAN LEGEND: The Cornish village of St. Teath. The church contains the arms of the Carminowl family which boasts its descent from the time of King Arthur. Pictures by A. W. Hobart, Kenley, Surrey

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS.

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information.

The Editor, in view of the approach of the Summer Holiday Season, begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed to "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered, and in order that the replies may be as full as possible readers are asked to send threepence in stamps in order to cover the cost of postage of booklets relating to their enquiry

THE LURE of the WEST: CORNWALL

Her Old-world Harbours and Wooded Estuaries

There was a time when Cornwall, situated at the farthest south-westerly extremity of England, was little known outside the Duchy. Men knew it as the home of hardy sailors, as the place where tin came from, and that

"By Tre, Pol and Pen
You shall know the Cornish men"

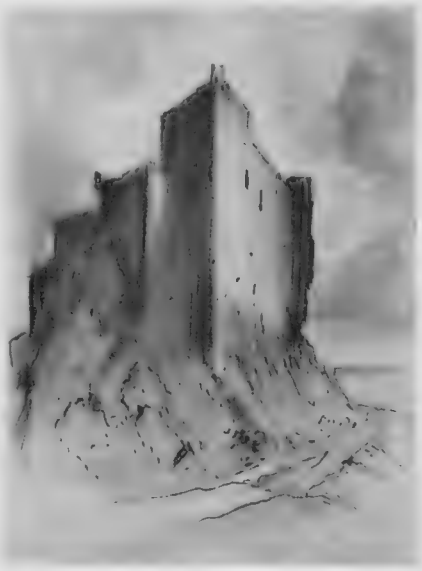
—but that was about all.

Cornwall in those days liked to keep "herself to herself," and didn't "hold with her neighbours," classing everyone beyond the boundary as "foreigners." She has always claimed to have been the part of Britain first known to the Ancient World—that the Phœnicians and Greeks had visited her shores, that she was included in the Cassiterides, mentioned by Herodotus—and that naturally gave her a certain exclusiveness, apart from the fact that she remained Celtic when the rest of the island "went" Saxon! The Cornishman, too, spoke a different language for centuries, indeed it did not become quite extinct till the death of a certain Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1777. Race and language did much to separate, but distance was the greatest barrier of all, and that barrier persisted till the coming of steam. But when the fast expresses of the Great Western Railway crossed the Tamar (over Brunel's fine bridge) the beauties of the little-known Duchy were brought within reach of far distant counties.

Every county has its particular charm. The magnificence of the rugged coast scenery, with the many picturesque coves, old-world harbours, and fine wooded estuaries, make up the peculiar fascination of Cornwall. The equable climate makes it independent of the seasons, the winters being so mild that semi-tropical plants are grown out of doors. In the deep gullies which run down to the sea one can find giant tree ferns and palms, while blue and white hydrangeas and fuchias are prolific. Penzance holds the record in Great Britain for the geniality of its climate, frosts being extremely rare.

It is hard to select special places to be visited, for all the sea-coast has some particular attraction, but in southern Cornwall St. Ives has been chosen by artists as one of the most favoured. The old town lies sheltered at one end of a wide bay, a sunny bright place with a more bracing climate than Penzance. The parish church, on the edge of the shore, is right in the centre of the older part of the town, close to the harbour, and the narrow winding streets are so picturesque that one seldom finds them without an artist and his easel. Newlyn, near Penzance, is another haunt of artists who have made the quaint fishing village familiar to us all.

Looking out from Newlyn over the blue waters of Mount's Bay, one sees the romantic isle of St. Michael's Mount, crowned by the chapel of the Benedictine Priory, once attached to the famous Mont St. Michel of Normandy. No one should go to Cornwall without visiting the Mount. There is a fairyland quality about it, looking rather as if it had strayed out of some mediæval picture. At low tide one can cross by the causeway, but one will probably have to come back by boat after climbing to the summit of the rock and seeing the castle and chapel which visitors are permitted to visit on certain days of the week. When a particular type of gale is blowing the St. Aubyn family, who have owned the Mount for nearly three centuries, have sometimes been stormbound, unable to reach the mainland, only half a mile or so away.



GUARDIAN OF THE WESTERN COAST: The famous landmark of St. Michael's Mount seen from an unusual angle

The two great promontories of Mount's Bay—Land's End and the Lizard—hold some of the finest of the rock scenery. To see Land's End at the right time—that is a day of sparkling sunshine, with a good breeze bringing the waves in great tumbling masses against the granite headland—is an exhilarating experience. The Scilly Islands will be seen and the Longships Lighthouse.

(*Continued on p.* 296)

LATE NEWS

PRE-ARRANGED PROPAGANDA: Dr. Rosenberg, Hitler's propaganda agent, addresses the Fourth Estate in German at an interview at Claridge's. He then told the astonished members of the Press to return to their offices where they would find the translation

THE FOUR-IN-HAND SETS OUT: Mr. Lewis Priestman, of Shotley Bridge, County Durham, driving his coach, the Venture, on its opening run of the season to Edmundbyers and back

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREE DAY: Some of the 1,500 students arriving at the Albert Hall to receive their degrees from the Earl of Athlone, the Chancellor of the University

A STAGE STAR AS LEADING CLOWN: Miss Gertrude Lawrence at last week's Circus Ball at Grosvenor House. She wore a fancy dress of gleaming green and white satin

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON, who plays the leading rôle in *The Fourth Wife of Henry VIII*, a new film in production at Elstree, walking in the studio grounds with Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon, and Binnie Barnes

THE EDMUND KEAN CENTENARY: Dame Madge Kendal laying a wreath on the statue of the famous actor at Drury Lane Theatre. She is accompanied by Sir Frank Benson and Lord Lurgan

RETURNING FROM HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS: Air-Commodore Fellowes (left), Flight-Lieutenant Ellison, and Flight-Lieutenant McIntyre, participants in the much discussed Houston-Everest Expedition, seen at Heston Aerodrome en route for *The Times* office

AT THE CIRCUS BALL: Lady Bridget Poulett and Mr. A. G. McCormick of Chicago talking to Kathleen Countess of Drogheda at last week's Circus Ball at Grosvenor House, the most brilliant social function of the season so far. Lady Bridget is seen in the black and white costume worn in the episode, "Pantomime after Degas," one of the prettiest of the circus turns

HOLIDAY LINENS ARE PRINTED AND PROOFED

Beach dresses are serious rivals to the pyjamas that have established themselves so firmly in the affections of those who spend their holidays by the sea. A charming example is shewn on the left above. Made in washing crêpe, it has a very becoming back and a graceful cowl neck in front. Accompanied by a crackle crêpe blazer, striped in navy, saxe blue and white (worn by the lady perched on the rail), it costs five guineas at Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, W. The second frock is cut to a point at the throat where a long scarf is threaded through a ring and carried to the back of the waist. It costs two guineas in printed linen with a plain linen coat. A post-card to Corot will bring you illustrations of their latest models and full particulars of their famous instalment account plan which is a very real and much appreciated help in times like the present

Linen of every type is being used extensively for summer outfits. A new idea is expressed in this beautifully tailored Milwata weatherproof of real Irish linen which has been rubberized so that it is impervious to rain. One of its greatest advantages is that it looks equally well on a sunny or a dull day, for its practical mission in life is most successfully hidden by its decorative exterior. Trimmed with real naval buttons and faced with marine blue, it is light in weight and would be very suitable for tropical wear. Called "Cruiser," it is one of the host of world-renowned Milwata weatherproofs that may be bought practically everywhere. They are the sole producers of the Point-to-Point, and their collection of West of England and Harris tweed weatherproofs for the country is only equalled by the fascinating models they make for formal summer wear

MADDENING!

(still more apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"Have some Guinness," the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table but there was nothing on it. "I don't see any Guinness," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then why did you offer me some?" said Alice, indignantly. "You must be mad!"

"I am," said the March Hare. "So's the Hatter."

"Why?" asked Alice, interested in spite of her vexation.

"Because we can't get any Guinness," said the March Hare. "That's enough to make anyone mad."

"And why can't you get any Guinness?" asked Alice.

"Too late. After hours," said the Hatter, and relapsed into silence.

"But you could have ordered some to drink at home," said Alice, who was a sensible girl.

"There!" said the March Hare. "We never thought of that. That just shows you how mad we must be!"

Order Guinness for the Home regularly and in small quantities—a week's supply at a time. Stand in a moderately cool place.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 320

THE PETROL WORLD

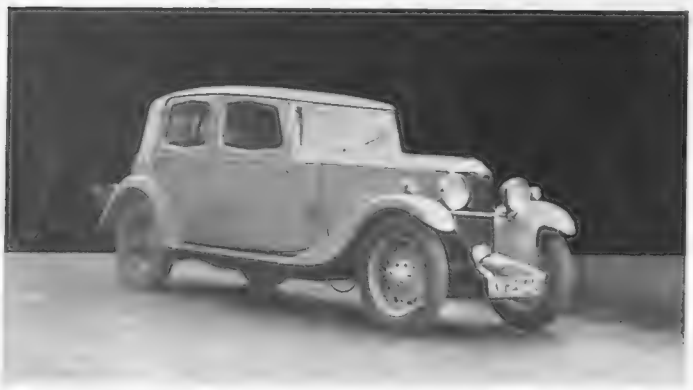
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

MODERN COACHBUILDING.—Of recent years there has been quite a development in specialized bodies. In most cases this type of coachwork is confined to sports cars, but there are many examples in the touring car class. One of the most interesting of these specialized bodies is that turned out and known as the S.S.1. In this particular case there is also a special chassis, and it would not surprise me if this movement results in other firms copying that which is responsible for the car in question.

Then again we have recently plunged into a series of coachwork shows, or to give these events their French title, Concours d'Élégance. The coachbuilding industry in this country is a very old one and has a very fine reputation, but like all trades or institutions that have their roots in the past it is inclined to cling to antiquated methods and to antiquated designs. Fortunately many of the car manufacturers have themselves started body-building shops and the modern methods employed in them have permeated to a large extent throughout the whole coachbuilding industry. Elegance, however, has not been at any time a very prominent feature of any British coachwork, but these various shows which have been held in various places during the past few years have done an enormous amount of good in creating a demand for an elegant body, and in stimulating the manufacturer to meet that demand.

A RUSTIC PETROL STATION: This attractive filling station, which is nearing completion, is situated on the main Bridgnorth (Salop)–Kidderminster Road at Fenn's Green. The building is circular in shape and the roof is one of the most perfect examples of the thatcher's art

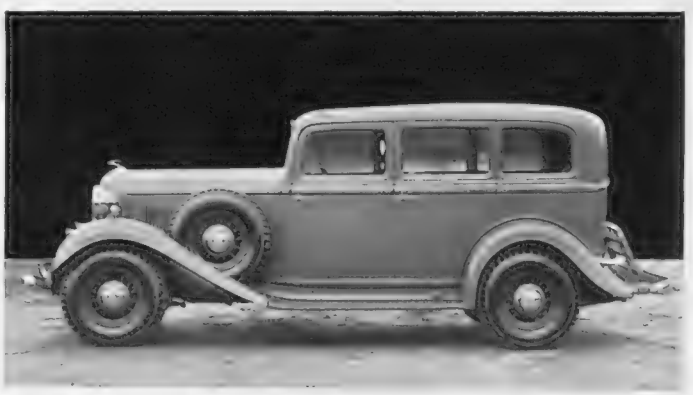
No firm has been more prominent in supporting the various Concours d'Elégance than Messrs. Pass and Joyce Limited. Incidentally, they have been highly successful whenever they have competed, which demonstrates that as a firm and as individuals they know a nice body when they see one, but what is more important, they know how to produce one. During this week, commencing on Monday, May 15, they have been holding an exhibition in their Orchard Street Depot in London. Amongst the cars with special coachwork on view were Rolls-Royce, Talbot, Sunbeam, Austin, Crossley, Wolseley. The exhibition was an all-British one and this fact was not brought about merely through merits of patriotism, but because the British coachbuilder is definitely supreme in the world of body-building.



THE RILEY SIX-TWELVE with a "Mentone" saloon body. The four-speed gear-box has helically-cut gears which ensure perfect silence from bottom to top

A POPULAR RACE.—The recent J.C.C. International Trophy Race at Brooklands was remarkable on many accounts. A novel system of handicapping was employed which allowed all the cars to start together and the first man past the post was the winner. No calculations had to be made by the public with stop-watches or slide-rules, so that as a spectacle it was immensely popular. Three classes of cars were made to run on level terms by means of sand-banks, the severity of which depended on the speed of the class. The course was over 250 miles and the race was so strenuous that of the twenty-eight starters only eight finished. Now of these eight, three were Austin Sevens, the only cars of that make competing. This performance gained for them the team prize, and it must be remembered that they were not by any means crawling, for the average speed over the whole distance for the team was 74·9 m.p.h. The appearance of these Austin Sevens in this event marks the return of Austins to racing. If we take their performance in this race as an average sample of what they can do it looks as if they are in for a good share of success during 1933.

SIGN PLEASE!—The R.A.C. issue a warning in order to draw the attention of all drivers to the necessity of signing, not only their original driving licence, but each annual renewal sheet which the authorities stick inside the stiff cover. The Legal Department of the R.A.C. were recently called upon to defend a member who omitted to comply with this formality. It is difficult to understand why one should have to sign every twelve months, but I suppose the authorities consider that one's signature alters as time goes on.



THE CHRYSLER WIMBLEDON SIX with a 25-35-h.p. engine and hand-built saloon body. The leather upholstery is obtainable in a variety of shades

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"Just as 'Pullman' denotes the last word of luxury to the railway traveller, so does 'Rolls-Royce' spell supremacy to the motorist. Since the formation of the Company in 1906, Messrs. Rolls-Royce Ltd. has been unsurpassed in the luxury class of car all the world over. The secret of their supremacy lies in the practical way in which they apply the principles embodied in their motto, *Quidvis recte factum quamvis humile praeclarum* (whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble). With this precept well instilled into their workpeople it is not surprising that their workmanship is beyond reproach. Every piece of a Rolls-Royce product, no matter how humble may be the duty it has to perform, is created with the ideal of the true artist continually in view, namely, that it may be rightly done and thus attain distinction."—*Scottish Country Life, March 1933*

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A man once said after a holiday in Scotland, all aglow with the time he had been having, "I wish somebody would bring Scotland a ha'penny a mile nearer. I'd go twice as often." Well! We've done it. The new Summer Tickets are a penny a mile, on any day, by any train and come back whenever you like within a month. The journey is delightful. You can travel by any of the crack trains and you can take a ticket either by L M S or L·N·E·R. You can buy a Holiday Contract Ticket when you get there, that will take you wherever the railway goes, within specified areas, as often as you like. It's a wonderful year for Scotland.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast, or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies:

L M S—
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)
"Scotland for the Holidays" (Free)
"The Romance of Scotland" (Free)

L·N·E·R—
"The Holiday Handbook" (in the bright red cover) 6d.
"Scotland" (Free)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

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"For smoothness and simplicity I cannot imagine any gear more delightful to operate. It could not possibly present any difficulties to the novice or to the most timid of drivers. During the past six months I have driven thousands of miles in London and through the by-ways of Surrey, Sussex and Kent—without, at any time, feeling the slightest strain or fatigue."

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Any Vauxhall dealer will demonstrate the meaning of "silky performance" with a trial run.

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SYNCHRO MESH
FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

VAUXHALL CADET

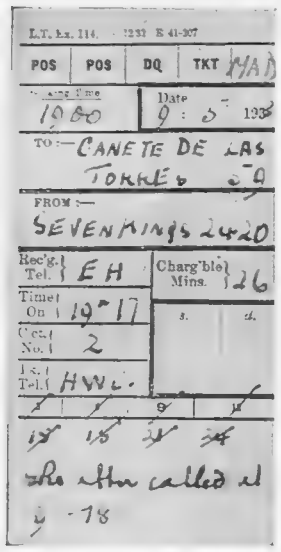
THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

THE SWITCHBOARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from p. 282)

mean a great deal; and even when I was speaking to a Hindu in Bombay the line was so clear that I could hear every hesitation and inflexion of his voice when I asked him about Gandhi.

But let us continue our walk round the room. "Ja fräulein," "Écoutez," "Si, signor," "Tout à l'heure," "Ein moment bitte," rise from the switchboards as we stroll around. "It is curious," said my guide, "that these girls seem to acquire the inflexion of the countries to which they are speaking. Over by the Brussels line you will hear the girls rattling away in distinctly high-pitched voices. Those on the Hamburg and other German lines speak with a solid evenness that one associates with the Germans."



BOOKING AN OVERSEAS CALL: The type of ticket used at Faraday House in making a foreign telephone call. The operator places this slip into a pneumatic tube which conveys it to the correct assistant on the International switchboard

It would perhaps be unfair, and also lazy, not to give a brief description of the methods whereby these calls are put in and transferred and connected so very quickly. Well, the subscriber's demand is recorded on a ticket in the centre of the room, and is then despatched by means of an endless conveyor to the appropriate operator who sets up the call. In order that the caller may be informed immediately of the time that is likely to elapse before connection can be established, the recording operator presses a button corresponding to the route over which the call will pass. This causes one, two, or three lamps to light, and thereby supply the information. A white lamp means a delay of half-an-hour; a green lamp means forty-five minutes' delay; a red lamp means sixty minutes; a red and white lamp means ninety minutes; a white and green lamp means the route is out of order; and all three mean that the delay is indefinite.

As soon as the circuit on the route required is free the operator at the switchboard calls the distant exchange and asks for the Continental subscriber. While he is being obtained the British subscriber is called and the connection completed. The duration of a call is recorded by a device which causes the number of minutes during which the call has progressed to be shown by illuminated figures. The subscriber is informed every three minutes of the length of his call, and every nine minutes the supervisor is informed. The device automatically stops when the calling subscriber replaces his receiver at the termination of the call.

I was shown a typical ticket from Seven Kings to a suburb of Madrid. At the top you see the initials of the recording telephonist; then the time when the call was put through seventeen minutes later; then the number of the circuit to Spain; then the initials of the telephonist who put in the call. At the bottom you see where each three minutes has been struck off when they elapsed, together with the note that the supervisor had her attention duly called after nine minutes and eighteen minutes.

Altogether there are 120 direct circuits to Continental centres radiating from Faraday House. These Continental centres in turn act as *têtes de lignes* and pass on the calls to the subscribers who are not actually living in those cities. It is also through Faraday House that the broadcasts from England to America or from America to England pass on the Post Office lines before being transmitted to or from Broadcasting House.

Yes, if trade follows communications, with Faraday House as the switchboard of the world, Great Britain's prosperity must be assured.

GEMS OF ART AND ARMOUR

(Continued from p. 284)

Messrs. Sotheby, including fine swords, daggers, flintlock pistols, breastplates, and helmets. An Italian fifteenth-century Brigandine of overlapping steel scales, with brass-headed rivets securing the outer lining of red velvet to the inner canvas lining, is both rare and fine. There is also a very dashing buff leather coat (about 1600) with a remarkably small waist and a sticking-out wide skirt.

This rich saleroom week will commence with a sale of rare English books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from the library of Marbury Hall, Northwich, many of them in their original bindings.

In New York, at the American-Anderson Art Galleries, some English masterpieces were sold at the end of April belonging to Sir Charles Gunning's collection. One of them, "Louisa, Countess of Mansfield," by John Hoppner, realized the large sum of £9,200. A portrait of Sir George Gunning, the second baronet, fetched £2,900. Sir George was a connection of the famous Gunning sisters, those Irish girls whose beauty so delighted London that crowds would gather to see them, and even in the Royal Drawing Room people would stand on chairs to get a better view. Sir George's father, Sir Robert, had been British Minister in Moscow, where he had been so tactful with Catherine the Great that George III made him a baronet. His portrait, showing him as a Knight of the Bath, painted by Romney, was also sold in New York. His eldest daughter, a very beautiful woman, married the Hon. Stephen Digby—it is her children who are shown in the picture, "The Digby Children," by Hoppner, which has just realized £1,840.

B. H.

THE LURE OF THE WEST: CORNWALL

(Continued from p. 290)

The Lizard really consists of the whole promontory south of Helston and the Helford river, with Lizard Point at the southernmost extremity. It is a wild and lonely district, save for the coast villages of Lizard Town, Mullion, Cadgwith (a fascinating spot), and Coverack, all a joy on a sunny summer day, when the sea comes dancing in and throws white foam in an idle fashion against the rock-bound coast.

But this coast can tell another story when a winter gale is raging and the ships give it a wide berth. In the days of long ago, smugglers, pirates, and those grim and pitiless folk, the wreckers, abounded. Every cove seems to have some legend of these reckless men, either of their daring deeds against Turkish pirates or of their ruthless cruelty to some ship in distress. Legends grow easily in Cornwall, the home of cromlechs and stone circles, attributed lightly to the Druids—those wonderful and mysterious folk who are made responsible for anything at all vague and outside written documents! But who cares to probe deeply on a holiday? Why not take the legend of the Merry Maidens as it is given us when we pass the circle of nineteen stones on our way from Land's End to Newlyn, and believe that these were once upon a time gay maidens turned into stone because they wickedly danced on Sunday to the music of the pipers, who are there for us to see in the shape of some great monoliths a little distance off?

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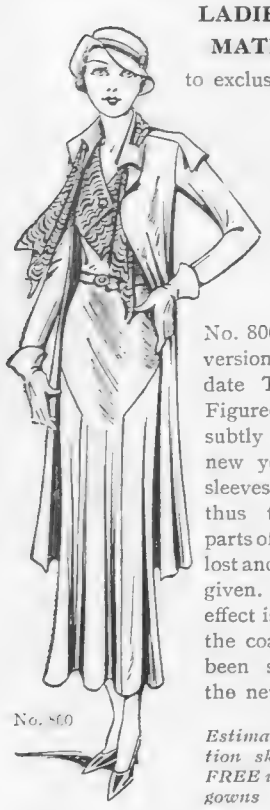

No. 800. The conversion of an out-of-date Two-Piece. Figured material, subtly used, forms a new yoke and top sleeves on the dress, thus the weariest parts of the frock are lost and a new line is given. The coloured effect is repeated on the coat which has been shortened to the new length.

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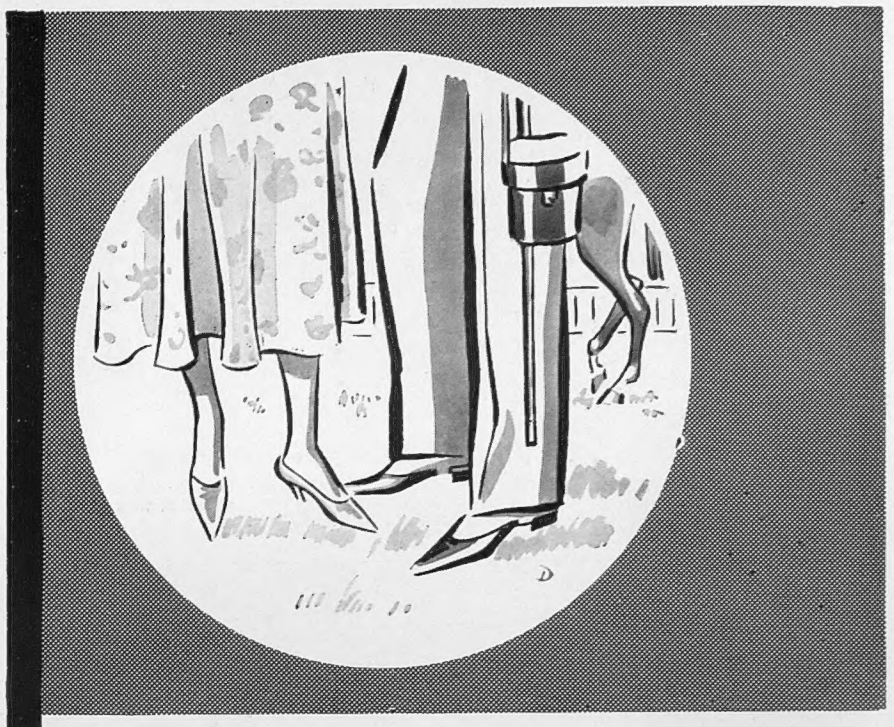

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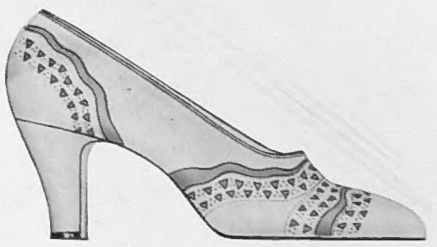
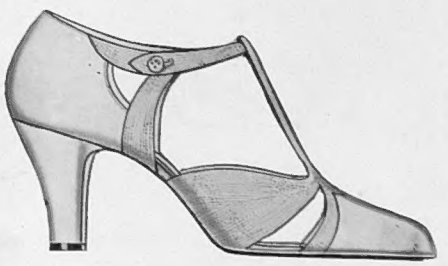


84 x 494. In white kid with saxe blue underlay. Also navy blue with white underlay. Continental model. **55/-**



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CLIFTON COLLEGE'S NEW PREPARATORY SCHOOL BUILDING: Nearly £50,000 has been spent in preparing the site and erecting this school building which was opened on May 6 by the Duchess of Atholl, M.P.

THE NEW 8,000,000-DOLLAR MATSON LINER, "LURLINE": America's latest passenger liner seen as she left New York on her maiden voyage. The *Lurline* is a sister ship of the *Mariposa* and the *Monterey* which were completed last year

NOTES and NEWS

The New Preparatory School Buildings at Clifton College

Bristol has a Gothic tradition which the architects of her great buildings of to-day have followed with considerable skill. The latest example of this style is to be seen in the new Preparatory School building of Clifton College, which has been designed by Mr. Alan Edward Munby, F.R.I.B.A., and which was opened by the Duchess of Atholl, M.P., on May 6. This new building stands on a two-acre site near Durdham Downs, and at last houses the Preparatory School in a manner worthy of the College of which it is an integral part. Up to now the preparatory school has occupied a number of houses in the neighbourhood and the need for one central structure has for long been apparent. Altogether there are now fifteen classrooms in the building occupying two floors and extending almost the entire width of the site. On the first floor there are an art room and library, and in the centre of the block is a spacious central Assembly Hall with a seating capacity for 400 people, and running to the height of two storeys. Its entrance faces the new playing fields directly in front of the Downs.

The whole building is remarkable for its scientific planning. This is reflected in its up-to-date ventilation system of electric fans, and the vita glass windows which have been installed in many of the rooms. In opening the building the Duchess of Atholl referred to the advantages of the intimate association existing between the Junior School and the College, which thus provides an opportunity for the work of the Upper and Lower Schools to be co-ordinated, and effectively does away with the bugbear of the Common Entrance examination.

"THE TATLER" CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE FOR AIRCRAFT

We have pleasure in announcing that a valuable Cup will be presented by *The Tatler* to the winner of a Concours d'Élégance for Aircraft to be held to-day (May 20) at the Civil Air Display promoted by the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire at Brooklands Aerodrome.

"THE TATLER" CUP to be presented at Brooklands to-day

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Ninetieth Annual Meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Thursday afternoon, June 15, at three o'clock. The Dowager Countess of Jersey, D.B.E., J.P., will present the prizes sent by H.M. the Queen. The children will give musical selections and a gymnastic display, and there will also be a Children's Ballet. Tickets for a few reserved seats, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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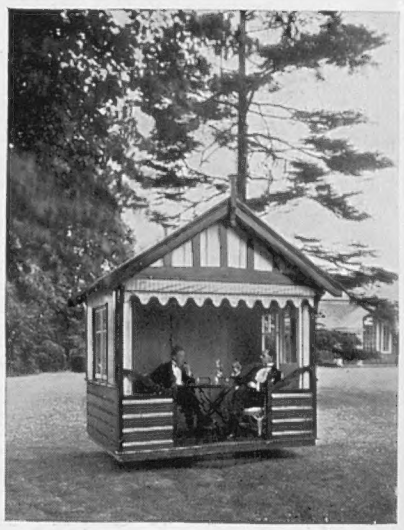

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Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames.	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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